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CAMBRIA UPON TWO STICKS

— A PLAY —

J. L. THOMAS (HEU AN DDIE)

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CAMBRIA UPON TWO STICKS:

OR, THE

*Cisteddvod and the Readings,*

TO WHICH IS ADDED

TWO CANTOS,

ENTITLED

HARRY VAUGHAN,

AND A

*Selection of Songs and Poems.*

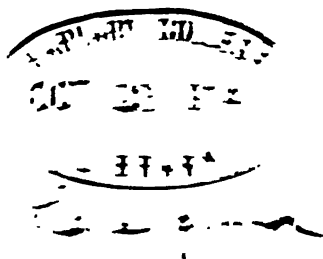
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**General at Stations: Gal.**

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## PREFACE.

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HAVING for so many years witnessed the efforts of Welshmen to keep alive the Welsh Language, as well as to foster the English, by encouraging and supporting its Schools in every part of the Principality; I could not fail to discover in many instances how often the wished for results had either been retarded, or nullified by the ignorance or the selfishness of such as had seemed to have them nearest to their hearts. To the continual recurrence of disappointments and the complaints consequent upon them may be attributed the existence of this Poem, whose title I must acknowledge, seems to justify the belief, that I intended to produce a Satire; but, the truth is, notwithstanding my willingness to ridicule at times, what in itself is truly ridiculous, I have only done so in this Poem as I have in teaching, as well as in Adjudicating at Eisteddvodau. I have been, as Alexander Pope would say,

“ Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame.”

Yes, I have in my unwillingness to hurt the feelings of any, used only fictitious names where I might have used the real ones; but, to spare sins for the sake of the blunderer is what no man should do; inasmuch as no improvement can ever result from such teaching as that. For the consolation of such as dread exposure, I am able to say, that the faults which I have censured, are yet too common to make their commission a cause of painful apprehension.

It is undeniable, that at our Eisteddvodau there often seems to be a greater desire in those who promote them as well as those for whose sake they are promoted to secure praise than to deserve it; and there can be no doubt that indiscriminate praise has too often made fools of adjudicators and competitors. As to the latter, it has on many occasions, to my knowledge, determined them to have, if possible, only judges of their own choice: while the donors of prizes have, on their part, as often taken upon them to hint, and at times, even to dictate as to whom they would have to win. With equal disregard for justice, have committees too made favourites, and done their best for them, to the cruel injury of their superiors in merit. The object of this Poem is to give such a picture of the Eisteddvods and the Read-



ings, which in Wales, may be considered its offspring, as to future years will be of some service. Whoever may blame and kick against my censures, the upright in purpose need never wince.

As to the Magnates who preside on our Eisteddfod days, they seldom fail to give satisfaction to Welshmen, and to deserve their love, whether they can speak Welsh or not; and it may be affirmed that no Welshmen would for their lack of the old language visit the sins of the titled father upon the titled sons. In my delineation of the harp competition, although I believe that an improved pedal harp is for some reasons preferable to the triple; yet, it is surely most unreasonable that any competitor should use the latter without evincing its superiority over the single. Furthermore, I have done what I believe I ought in exposing the heartless absurdity of giving prize harps to youths, whom our Welsh societies never care about engaging afterwards. If it be considered what years of studious practice have been necessary to make Pencerdd y De what he is; and to gain for a Frost, even in his youth, the prestige which he already possesses; must not the country that will be proud to call him one of her harpers, see what she has done to deserve the name of a mother?

And may I, who have in this Wales sung a thousand times to the walls of my schoolroom, strains from Handel, Haydn, Kent, and other masters, without a hope that I should be able to get even half-a-dozen young persons to persevere sufficiently to make their performance even of one piece approach in intonation that of English professionals—I ask, may I not wonder at the present number of our choirs? I know how difficult it has proved to bring into, and preserve in, existence the first choir or glee party I had formed, and how impatiently every pupil would listen to my admonition as to tune and time. As to intonation, and that articulation which should be as remarkable for its distinctness as for its freedom from harshness, Welshmen had never thought of it, and no one doubted that he could give the diatonic intervals as truly as the best tuned organ! Mr. David Francis, of Merthyr, who had his lessons of me, has not forgotten, and never will forget how much I laboured in this way; and he has with many others seen how much Welshmen can do, when once any number of their fellow countrymen have seen their efforts once crowned with success. What Merthyr did, Rymney in course of time did as well; and in a few years more, Aberdare discovered that she had talents and voices for anything; and ere long, the Vale of Tawe found all she required in the talents of a Griffiths. But once the teacher of teachers is removed by death or by his calling, too often does his removal prove the decay, if not the death of what he had created.

Now, let me tell all the singers of Wales, that it is the love of singing and poetry, has moved me to compose this strange titled Poem. It is not on the lap of the National Eisteddfod you can have either "the milk or the pap," or the chewed mouthfuls that can give steadiness to infantine imbecility, but at the local one.

If Glamorgan has lost her Telynog, she has her Dafydd yet, and her Creidiol; of these it may be disputed in time to come, not which has slain, but healed his thousand, and which his ten thousand: if so, let us hope the boast will not make a Saul of either, but rather a David, who in fighting for Saul against the enemies of Israel, lost not his gift of song. While these in honest rivalry contend Ap Iago and Sons in his songs to their tunes will (like a triad of larks) in their turns possess the sky, and when they descend, never quarrel with birds below for room, or rest and food.

When I had ended my Poem to the Eisteddvod and Readings, I remembered that I had by me another Poem, written years ago, but never published, in which I had sung of English Bards, and resolved to attach two Cantos of it to the aforementioned one. Though, this must raise the price of the book, I think it will make it the more acceptable to all intelligent readers, who, if tired of lengthy Poems, may find relief in the Songs that follow.

*Treforest, October, 1867.*

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## PROLOGUE.

I, who have through competing years  
 Seen what small things change groans to cheers,  
 And quite as quickly cheers again  
 Change into groans 'mongst changing men:  
 By this time too have seen the worth  
 Of tune and song kept to one's hearth,  
 And used them for my peace and mirth  
 Till came their time to own their birth;  
 Yes, still went adding song to song  
 Ne'er read or sung to any throng,  
 Nor e'en to friends for years so long!

For this, 'mongst bards I might have known  
 Was I secluded and alone:  
 And though I haply did compete  
 And win or lose yet not a sheet,  
 Wrote but in haste of one who knew  
 He ne'er was of the fav'rite crew.  
 Hence 'twas—when not engaged as judge,  
 Tow'rd's Bardic gath'rings I'd scarce budge,  
 And hence felt prigs that flich'd my name,  
 So sure I'd not put them to shame;  
 Because the name they prized so much,  
 Though Welsh, I prized no more than Dutch!

Yet, I thank heav'n such men did ne'er  
 Make poesy to me less dear.  
 Nay, from their like the more I kept,  
 I gladder wrote and sounder slept;  
 For still I had in friendship's clan  
 A David and a Jonathan.  
 Whilst some who pilfered from my hive  
 Wished but to bury me alive;  
 These like true friends still ask'd me "When  
 Will songs you've promised come again?"  
 What should I answer? when one took  
 My name, another took my book.—  
 My Minstrel, which doth cry to me,  
 "Father wilt thou thy offspring see  
 Mangled and mutilated by  
 Them who so long wish'd thee to die?  
 And now e'en by the Northern shark  
 That ever thro' the waters dark  
 Hunteth for every floating book,  
 That's guarded not with baited hook.

"For twelve years, he too of Alltwn  
 Has used thy name, nor saith he when  
 He'll with it cease to point his pen:  
 And did not *Ieuan Gwyllt* once stop  
 A like attempt by such a sup?  
 O father show how many a score  
 Thou by thee hast, ere thou'rt no more,—  
 Scores of old Welsh airs, and thy own  
 Who art Welsh in flesh, and blood, and bone;  
 But not for that thing less a friend  
 To all God to did talents lend.  
 Thou, who to make our old airs live  
 Didst write so many songs—O give  
 Those thou didst deem for songs still better—  
 Print them, though by 't no more a getter  
 Than by thy Minstrel—yet, 'twill stand  
 As love-debt paid to Native Land."

Some of those songs with this strange poem  
 I print that friends in time may know 'em;  
 As they shall yet know, if I live,  
 The many more I have to give.  
 In *Harry Vaughan* too, in plain words,  
 They'll find my thoughts of England's Bards.

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# Cambria upon Two Sticks.

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## CANTO I.

YE English prigs who drive our Welsh prigs mad  
By scouting rites that made our fathers glad;  
Though now, in might, ye seem but mere Jackals,  
Whose utmost spite provoke but bardic squalls;  
As curs and lapdogs sometimes mastiffs move,  
With deeper howls their rage and strength to prove;  
Lest, peradventure, yelping pack 'gainst pack,  
Ye days like those of ancient hate call back;  
This to prevent (though I 'm not quite man hater,  
Enough t' have pleasure in the thing called satire)  
'Tween party wranglers I 'll once dare, though loth,  
Their prejudice to bare in sight of both;  
And while the British Lion licks his paws,  
Bid them fence not too roughly near his jaws,  
Lest they forget those fangs yclep'd laws.

This little country which has been so long  
Content to cheer her vales with moral song,  
Once, in a strain as bitter as 'twas loud  
Her warriors urged t' oppose the Saxon proud;  
And bade them, as they lov'd her, keep in edge  
The sword for wars she was too weak to wage;  
Yet, fight she did; and when the sword had fail'd,  
As guilty slaves, her patriots never quail'd,  
But to their laws and language bravely clung,  
And altered, but the theme to save the tongue:  
And England that had greatest cause to hate  
This language, for its death had long to wait,—  
Yea, centuries; and in it oft was told  
How conquered Welshmen, where they met, made bold  
To vaunt their prowess as in days of old;  
And sometimes name the cave where Owen slept  
With friends, he for the day of vengeance kept;  
Hence 'twas so few espied a Cambrian cave  
Whose terror fail'd to make it Glyndwr's grave;  
This England knew,—and for their daring brag  
Her will avowed all Cambrian mouths to gag;  
Yea, to this Welsh, so rooted was her hate,  
English she gave instead, she'd not translate;  
But made so dry in doles of bit by bit,  
Whate'er the ear took in, out-mouth would spit!  
Though Saxons knew how they had Latin learn'd,  
As teachers had its parts to English turn'd;  
To teach the Welsh boy (though the parts are nine)  
Of speech he ne'er had one translated line;  
And thus could spite to Cambria's speech and song,  
Make Cambrian's lore and music live so long!  
Yea, in some spots, old Welsh's strength evoke  
As baffling tempests do the stubborn oak.

Ah! Saxon, couldst thou not to mind recall  
The time, when every Saxon was a thrall?  
Bound 'gainst his will to stomach so the French,  
Ere he was fit for pulpit, stall, or bench;  
For church and court, did he not that rehearse  
His mouth was far more loth to praise than curse?  
But now as Saxon's self, so glad are we  
His brogue resisted that of Normandy;  
For, where 's the man that reads the page sublime  
Of England's greatest bards, and not each time  
Thanks heaven whose love, thro' each politic shock  
Preserved the diamonds of her Shakespear's sock;  
Preserved for Milton, as for Holy Writ,  
The wedge-words that can gnarl'd hearts easiest split.

As stuck the Saxons to their native tongue,  
So did the Welsh to all their Sires had sung:  
For love of tongue, in all who dare be free,  
None can divorce from love of liberty;  
The more did hate and treachery tribe divorce,  
The dearer still grew music and discourse,  
That bade the brave his past hopes not forget  
That Freedom's sun had not for ever set  
On Wales, more than it had on England, when  
An Alfred's lodging was the sedge-roofed fen;  
When of her fish and fowl, and forest beast  
None save usurping Danes prepared a feast.

And if the Danes made Hengist's sons feel sore,  
From Norman sway did they not bear still more?  
Yet, as would Normans stern make Saxons learn,  
Would these make every borderer in his turn;



And lo! for ages Welshmen too were found,  
Who to learn English grumbling pupils bound;  
Pupils, who once they 'd slight the stern command,  
Had each to take and wear with his own hand  
The Welsh-knot log:—and sure as birch was birch,  
We punish'd for what brought him to the lurch!  
What was it? conversing in the only speech  
His mother tender to her child could teach.

Kind hearts exclaim, "Where Welsh was cause of dread,"  
"What could the Cambrian tyro talk instead?"  
What talk, but English? and his stock, I say,  
Was from the gleanings of a word per day?  
This pristine training of the Cambrian man,  
The same was when this century began;  
And had been such for centuries before,  
Ere Cambria's parrot schools could count a score:  
Yet, our Welsh Alphabet could then with ease,  
Form to Welsh ears whate'er Welsh ears would please;  
And as each letter had of sounds, but *one*,  
Who once the right path trod in that might run:  
This good men saw, and loudly did lament  
That children were to schools so worthless sent;—  
Were sent, where Welsh was never seen or read,  
And, but the name of English given instead!

For Gwalia's good, at last, a son was born,  
Who grew to see and feel her state forlorn;  
And though his schooling reared him for the church,  
By progress classical, his ardent search  
Was daily and nightly when he grew a man,  
For means t' enlighten Welshmen, and to plan

That mode of teaching which would soonest win  
To good the heart that sought its bliss in sin.

Yea, thro' the song all ages could recite  
To make the Welshman's duty his delight:  
The Vicar Pritchard's godly poems were they  
That taught all children whom they should obey:  
Taught parents how to exercise their sway;  
Taught servants whom they were to please and serve,  
And masters how their service to deserve:  
Landlord and tenant, how to rule the sod,  
As ne'er forgetting, all belonged to God;  
Authority and kindness, so to blend,  
As ne'er to break the twig they sought to bend;  
Taught mariner and soldier how to pray,  
And serve their God at home and far away;  
And warned the pastor, as he did the flock,  
With show of good, ne'er goodness true to mock.

To England's tongue, though Pritchard nursed no spite,  
Resolved he was, it should not keep in night  
The Cambrian mind, while Wales had that brave tongue  
In which so many a bard her deeds had sung;  
With soul imbued with love and godly fear,  
The heart to win from vice, through every ear,  
His way he found in song—found it so well,  
That Cymru's dying language felt the spell;  
Awoke, revived, from its deep lethargy,  
And every cotter yearned to know if he  
Could read the Vicar's book, and understand  
The godliest songs that ever blest the land;  
The *Welshmen's Candle*, for no book before  
So welcome e'er had enter'd cotter's door;

Afar and near the radiance bright it spread  
 Showed all that Cambria's language was not dead;  
 On every farmstead's hearth and cottage floor,  
 By old and young 'twas read, yes, o'er and o'er;  
 And wheresoe'er, but two or three did meet,  
 The Vicar's verse one ne'er failed to repeat;  
 E'en as the Greeks read sweet *Euripides* (a)  
 The Welsh of every vale by heart had his.

Good Bishop Bull,—good was that wish of thine—  
 To lie when dead by Cambria's bard divine,  
 For of his country, by his Candle's light,  
 Who'll say what thousands kept from error's plight;  
 Yes, such the good the Vicar's songs have done,  
 It seem'd Wales ne'er a Vicar had but one;—  
 That one, so just, so gifted, and so dear,  
 Since Pritchard's days, few Welshmen have drawn near:—  
 Llandovery town who paus'd not long to gaze,  
 At the old walls that heard his morning praise;  
 And every evening after set of sun  
 Said how his stage of duty had been run;  
 Of that blest dwelling's roof who'd show a slate  
 His pious breathings did not consecrate?  
 But ah! what tho' that Vicar sang so well,  
 What tho' his lay dismayed the pow'rs of hell,  
 And made of Cambrian hearts those garrisons  
 That long defied temptation's mightiest guns;  
 To English dignitaries, Pritchard's rhyme  
 Seemed, after all, but to prolong the crime

Of keeping up the Welsh; and worse than all,  
 Because it did to duty pastors call;  
 It aided them who wish'd the Churchman's fall,

So said some Bishops, so said Deacons too;  
Yet, to the book old Cambria long proved true:  
And spite of sneers of bards, and preachers' jeer;  
Would quote the lines their fathers held so dear,  
As if they'd heard God's voice say "him revere."

Thus, while Welsh vanity cried "Oes y byd"  
To Cambria's language, 'twas this Pritchard's deed  
By centuries, its good age did prolong,  
And after him, the Bard of Nant held long  
His race dramatic; and his interlude  
Though oft in phrase and sentiment too rude,  
Welsh vices lashed with hand so dexterous,  
E'en bards were proud to say, "He's one of us."  
The Timber haulier, who from North to South  
Toiled yearly 'mid our groves of oldest growth;  
To human wonder showed how he could find  
Time still to add to his own growth of mind!  
And nightly mark on every cotter's hearth  
Traits that well answer'd for dramatic mirth,  
And moral precepts passing gold in worth.

E'en to this day, we find whose was the art  
To shew the Welshman what he was in heart;  
How love of praise, and pomp, and dirt, and pelf,  
May bear an upstart fool beyond himself;  
How oft the name of neighbour, friend, or brother,  
Use they who deepest envy one another;  
And others wear a mask of seriousness,  
But for their roguery to ensure success.

Yea, so this mirror shewed each human deed,  
That thousands by it learnt men's hearts to read; (b)

And in so doing, with no teacher's aid  
To prove the worth of Welsh; when lad and maid  
To one another, made out line for line  
- *Twm's* poetry as Pritchard's the divine;  
The tongue that well might scorn the aid of schools,  
O how it baffled learning's classic tools;  
To know how they might silence and make  
Dull Cambria see, what for her very sake,  
Was preached four times a year in style and tone,  
That left each stony heart remain a stone;  
And ne'er caused pride to stop, or guile to writhe,  
Save for nonpayment of the yearly tithe.

When the honest Welshman strain'd both thew and nerve  
The selfish aims of prelates proud to serve,  
What was he like, if not the hardy sower  
Of oats and barley, 'midst which, in his hour,  
The English sower came—threw grains of wheat,  
And as he did so, trampled under feet  
The native seed, that had been sown before;  
Then, in the course of time, he came again,  
To see the increase of his scatter'd grain,  
And asked the native cultivator, "How  
Doth grain my hand here sowed not timely grow?"  
The farmer answers, "Where your seeds were sown,  
By trampling ours, you trampled too your own;  
Then, be not angry, sir, lest, as you fret,  
You make the soil you stamp'd on harder yet."

Then saith th' interrogator, "In the dark  
I found you and must leave you so—but mark—  
In food for soul and body, if you're poor,  
The fault for that must lie at your own door;

The light I offer you, don't you despise,  
And wandering go, as people without eyes?"

Nay, saith the husbandman, the light we had  
The *Welshmen's Candle* showed the good and bad  
To Welshmen's eyes so clearly, since 'twas lit,  
There's not a sin we guiltless can commit;  
Yet, o'er the land where that still makes it day,  
Close to your eyes you hold the lurid ray  
Of that pale taper, which, as it blinds you  
Must darker make all distant things you'd view;  
And darker makes withal the blessed Book  
Through which men loved at God's elect to look;  
The Holy Book in which each sorrowing mind  
The medicine that suited it could find.

That righteous teacher whom Heav'n would not scorn  
To hear his followers say—"He was Heav'n born!"  
Through love of him, let not my heart forget  
Good men and great, who, like himself, did set  
Hearts, minds, and hands to work for native land;  
For lo! 'tis homage due their names demand.—

Jones of Llanddowror; Charles of Bala, too;  
Whose plans were skilful as their hearts were true:  
Know we as founders of those institutes  
That search'd for moral evil's earliest roots;  
And Welsh did use to cope with every evil  
Where'er 'twas used for mischief by the devil.

Seeing its best uses thus so plainly proved,  
Men, who their country and its language loved;

For arts began its aptitude to test,  
 And found it 'mongst the tongues one of the best;  
 Forming its compounds with such blending ease,  
 That not a letter felt another's squeeze;  
 And thro' each word so plainly show'd its roots,  
 The tree they did avouch, as did its shoots.

And now three men of Cambrian growth have met—  
 Three with such hearts and heads, who now can get?  
 Three men of peace, but most determin'd will,  
 To raise their country's name; and on a hill,  
 (Far out from cells that did them long enshrine),  
 With modern lights, to make the ancient shine;—  
 Yea, bring forth from the keep of musty shelves  
 The works of men we love e'en as ourselves;  
 Of poets and historians, who for heirs  
 Of fame preserved their praise, as we should theirs.

Cambria no resurrection men e'er had,  
 Save those whose birthdays, aye, should make her glad;  
*Iolo* and *Idrisen*, and *Myfyr*—three—  
 Who did in retrospect and prospect see  
 Whatever could redound to Gwalia's honour,  
 And all that industry could win, they won her  
 Her long-forgot and buried works made known,  
 And to those treasured thoughts did add their own:  
 In annals, songs, and in philology,  
 And, as to *Iolo*, though so pleased to be  
 Among the diggers for pure Cambrian gold,  
 In England's tongue, as well, his muse hath told  
 His hopes, his sorrows, and his mirth and joys  
 In verse that makes the old heart like the boy's

Of blessed memory, all tongues must say,  
Is he who Iolo-like can weave his lay. (c)

Ye learned Saxons who tell us ye find  
In Greek and Latin sips of every kind;  
If from dead languages such juice ye suck  
Must not a Cymro caper at his luck;  
When in this Cambria's classic verse he tastes  
From flower and stem, and roots that which outlasts  
(For aught ye know) the scents Arabia wastes?

And, oh! we often wish, but wish in vain,  
Our heads could scientific knowledge gain  
By using words whose roots so obviously  
Their meaning gave, O! Welsh, as thine in thee,—  
For then no *logos*, *philos*, *graphos*, *hypos*,  
Between or 'neath our feet like bog-clods trip us;  
But every verbal cluster doth impart  
Its meaning like a guileless infant's heart,  
Where Welsh of Welsh from roots to stem and spray,  
The meaning shews, as Sol the rising day.

Hence, 'tis that Welshmen, though at times they sigh  
'Neath the assurance that their tongue must die;  
As from its use their chiefest bliss must come  
While tongue can talk, it won't be deaf nor dumb  
In English presence—nor its lingos gabble  
That Border prigs may count them of their rabble;  
This, they will not—nor in base dread forbear  
From feasting, now and then, on the rich fare  
Of ancient festivals; while harp and song  
Say nought there, but in Envy's eyes goes wrong;



And since they've nothing done to cause them fear,  
They seek and use whate'er adds to their cheer;  
Through their Eisteddfod, as their fathers did,—  
Through all their Cambria, as her love doth bid.

And now that love all Saxons bids, as well,  
Come and o'erhear what Cambrians have to tell  
Those that were worthiest foes, to worthiest ends,  
To be for ever more the worthiest friends.

Despite the wars, she did for freedom wage,  
Wales knows, she too had her Augustan age;  
When all was done, that head and heart could do,  
To make the Muse give peace, like war its due,  
Make souls, so gifted, find in classic lore  
What could be found of bliss, and that no more  
Than came from reading, writing, bright'ning still,  
The tongue the stronger land thought of so ill;  
What hope, what faith, what will, to swell the heap  
Of songs that with their authors went to sleep,  
So soundly and so long! can we be blind  
To what inspired of yore the poet's mind?  
Did each not hope, that in his native land  
His lines would aye be seen in some blest hand—  
That they'd ne'er cease to cause some hearts of flame  
T' exclaim o'er each, "Let's keep alive this name:  
For lo! these thoughts so lively are, and fresh,  
Who wrote them seems again come in the flesh."

*Ap Gwilym*, that so worshipped woman fair,  
So worshipp'd all things bright, in earth and air;  
Where'er his lines are read, his spirit comes  
To be the idol of all poets' homes:

Had he not notions true of th' only God,  
 He 'd idols make of all that decks the sod;  
 Each tree, each shrub, each flower, each drop of dew,  
 His heart addressed as if his mind it knew;  
 And cloud and wind above him did not stir  
 But for poetic bliss to minister:  
 Whatever grew, to him had words to speak,  
 And as love's messenger employ would seek.

More than the bird he loved the birchen green;  
 More than the trout the sunlit river's sheen;  
 More than the nightingale May's moonlit night;  
 More than the steed to track his loved one's flight;  
 And more than all, he loved the bardic art  
 In which so few, as he, sang from the heart;  
 But to Ap Gwilym as his poetry,  
 All sheweth, was a style most warm and free.

Great *Iolo Goch* of war and peace did sing,  
 And in his *Cywydd* praise the Heavenly King;  
 And when the Comet blazed, 'twas he that stood  
 By *Glyndwr* singing, 'twas for *Cambria's* good;  
 And though he saw so much, and lived so long,  
 His solace seemed thro' life t' have been his song,  
 As 'twas of *Tudur Aled*, and a score  
 That were but rescued on dark *Jordan's* shore  
 From being to *Cambria* lost, and *Cambria's* lore.

Whoe'er can read *Cyfrinach y Beirdd* well knows  
 How learned in their poetry and prose (d)  
 Were *Gwalia's* authors—those 'mongst whom to be,  
 E'en princes thought could add to dignity.

Yea, *Deulwyn, Deio ap Iewan Du*, and others  
 Could by their lays of Cambrian Chiefs make brothers;  
 And in their poems, who can count the lines  
 That say how oft they drank of Chieftain's wines?  
 Of bards who in that age did noblest sing—  
 Some quaff'd with wine of the *Pierian* spring,  
 Yea, deeply quaff'd; and, with their songs, their prose  
 Shew in what practice they forgot their woes;  
 And glad are we their works so plainly prove,  
 They were above the Saxon's hate and love.

What is a learned man? why to be civil,—  
 I'll bid you ask a Saxon or the devil—  
 For they between them vow that no one can  
 For skill in Welsh be deemed a learned man;  
 But, let that pass—what we must own with shame  
 Is how a Cymric bard degree doth claim;  
 And now, what I'd fain tell my readers is,  
 Though 'tisn't by form of cranium, or of phiz,  
 They judge a rising bard in Wales—it is  
 By signs as false—the proof he gives to those  
 Who judge, that he an englyn can compose,  
 Or stanza (in plain English) in the which  
 Alliterative skill its parts doth hitch!

Great Johnson, when thou, in thy *Rasselas*,  
 Saidst what would fit an epic bard to pass;  
 Ah! little didst thou think, more than the birds,  
 That all is learnt, but by Dove-tailing words!  
 And this acquired, why e'en a Balam's ass  
 Enough could say t' enable it to pass!  
 Hence 'tis we've have poets of a high degree  
 Who never knew the moon attracts the sea;

Yea, bards who had discerned, with clearest eye  
 Most beauteous rainbows in a cloudless sky!  
 Once in the east, just after sun had risen,  
 And westward, as he quitted the horizon!  
 Seen April foxgloves, roses bloom ere May,  
 And gathered primroses by making hay;  
 And many wonders none besides had seen,  
 And ripe nuts pluck'd when wheat and oats were green!  
 Now go we to behold where such in knowledge  
 Flock for their first degree in Bardic College. (e)

At early morn, ere folks have breakfasted,  
 Tow'rd's that named spot weak minds already dread,  
 Our would-be Ovates, with a smirk devout,  
 That they may hasten in, all hasten out;  
 And on a plot, enclosed by circling stones,  
 Stand two (as I have seen *Cawrdaf* and *Dick Jones*)  
 On each tried candidate that to confer  
 He'd no less value than a knight his spur— (f)  
 Degree, according, I can't well say what,  
 For few can well o'erhear the Druids' chat;  
 A sword reversed was then held out as sign  
 That they and Ovates should together dine;  
 And sup, as well, if they would live in peace,  
 (Of which what's there enacted, is the Lease)  
 And learn, perhaps, if they with credit pass,  
 To live as Iolo did some days on grass!  
 But hush! my muse. O never let my mirth  
 Be at th' expense of names of peerless worth.

Iolo, the author of a thousand hymns; (g)  
 Though prejudice his brightest traits now dims;

Time, e'en by Pantycelyn Seraph's rhyme,  
Will shew that Iolo's yet is more sublime;  
Yea, all his psalms, as future time will tell,  
Most like the hallowed songs of Israel.

Bard and Historian—O! that Wales had more  
Like him, who, as they hope in song to soar,  
Would dare the realms of science high explore.

Ye hopes of Cambria, do not this forget;—  
When learned Burgess with our Iolo met—  
(The mitred Bishop with the poor Welsh bard)  
Burgess best knew why Bishops might regard  
That man their equal, him whose wealth of mind  
Was dug from heaps where school-apes nothing find.

And as he eyed the bard in his full size—  
Him, whom e'en Welshmen thought he might despise;  
He, in his carriage took—placed by his side,  
And afterwards—e'en with a pupil's pride—  
From aged Iolo took a bard's degree  
As CHRIST would by a John baptized be!

There was a learned man's example set,  
For all whose lore makes them themselves forget;  
And doubtless he the same could do by Pugh  
And Owen Myfyr, for their worth he knew;  
But, Iolo's talk was incense after dew.

When Burgess patronized, and Iolo ruled,  
A zeal was kindled not soon to be cooled;  
And titled Noblemen awoke to feel  
That Cambrian talent to them did appeal

For signs of love and praise, too long withheld  
From men who ne'er against them had rebell'd.

## CANTO II.

Thus, from Carmarthen, as from honour's mouth.  
Their words went east, and west, and north, and south;  
And soon was Brecon, as a Cambrian town,  
Her debt to Cambrian talent proud to own ;  
And not less so was Cardiff, nor long mute  
To her, was the response of noble Bute ;  
But thousands said these towns did but show off  
Not to appear at great men's will to scoff.

At one place two harps played, and there a youth (h)  
A silver harp did win as prize; but sooth  
To say, at neither of the places three,  
Was sung by Welshmen, song, duet, or glee,  
With any skill; though ear and voice might be  
Evinced like those of any company:  
To make amends for this—there was each night  
A concert given, in which, for ear's delight—  
English professionals came to perform,  
And not a Welsh voice came to spoil the charm.

But, at the Eisteddvod, all was dreariness,  
Save when a Price the audience did address;  
Or Gwallter Mechan, or a Blackwell told  
Their feelings for our songs and customs old;  
Or the Dadgeiniad, in their style unique,  
Sung what they could spin out e'en for a week.

Such monster births of things by pomp conceived,  
'Mid those who of their virtue nought believed,  
Proved mere abortions; but, at Venni town,  
What was at birth so small, where harp and song  
Were found to lull, it throve and soon got strong;  
And what was named an Anniversary,  
Grew an Eisteddvod of the first degree;  
And gave in Welsh Harps prizes more, I ween,  
Than all th' Eisteddvods Wales had ever seen!  
At such a gathering, reader, ope thy eyes  
And fairly judge its acts both vain and wise;  
But ere that height was gained, competing clowns  
To praise or rue, saw many ups and downs;  
The harpist oft was called to judge the song,  
Which, to his ear, would aye be right or wrong,  
As self was raised; and he would justice warp  
To praise some vocal tink most like the harp;  
And *that* his own; or give the longed for prize  
To one that had him helped thro' rugged ways,  
From the next towns, that awkward harp to carry,  
Ere string and voice for mutual good should marry.

Harpist again, when judged by pianist,  
His fingering bad defends with hard clench'd fist;  
Then would the bard with scornful squint enquire,  
Why disappointment should these bantlings fire?

While he with all his mind and soul did strive  
For Cambria's sake to keep old Welsh alive;  
Yes—keep that language living; doth he dive  
Like humble bee, for ever in its bloom,  
Praying it may survive the general doom!  
And who'll deny when bard gives bard the lie,  
And congress after congress seems to die;

E'en when they fall, they fall like clouds of rain,  
In forms like those they wore to rise again?

What better proof of immortality  
Than squabbles that so split society,  
But to give life and birth to two or three?

Some years ago, the North show'd quickest growth;  
But latterly, true blood seemed all o' th' South;  
But, South or North, as sure as they appear,  
The deathday of their love is also near;  
And sure as one of death is and disgrace,  
Its like will rise up in another place;  
The like disgrace and death to feel in turn,  
And all but its own vanity discern.

Thus, thus, it was—and thus my augury  
Saith, splits again will follow Bardic spree;  
For ne'er was there a Cymreigyddion school,  
That hid not in its herd some knave or fool,  
To mar the good it promised, and with soul  
As proud as knavish, try to rule the whole.

The essayist thinks poetry sweet trash,  
The poet deems all prose at best hog wash;  
And all think, as the prize-list up they make,  
That singers should appear but for their sake:  
And after an Eisteddvod, very long,  
This self esteem stops essay, ode, and song;  
And each that dared compete, made his own fool,  
Is like a salmon in a half dried pool;  
But, ere it dies—the fisher publican  
Comes by, and sees how soon the gifted man



May be his prize, then with well opened net,  
He brings together all that pine and fret;  
There, they are reconciled; and thus is vent  
Given to their fame—and he makes up his rent.

But as a bait a half-crown prize he vouches,  
And that given by his landlord twice as much is;  
As for the brewer, he doth guineas give,  
And vows his motto is "Live and let live:"  
When three such hearty ones cast net, or pull,  
There's little fear the same will not be full:  
As these are chuckling o'er their good caress,  
Another clique the gifted ones success;  
A party that would clear a chapel's debt,  
Try if their hands can cast a larger net;  
With praise and flattery, freely giv'n and ta'en,  
Bards, harps, and singers are engaged again;  
And after they have service given to all,  
They find at last they did but rise to fall.

If in a tavern's long-room they would meet  
The tavern maids must thro' them make a street;  
Thro' which, with brimful pints they all may trot  
And answer the hoarse call of every sot;  
And whilst they sing in dread full oft of choaking,  
The vocalists must bear oaths, coughs, and smoking:  
Then in the chapel, ne'er can they feel free  
To give in proper spirit song or glee;  
Nor would they hurt the feelings of the old  
Who fear young wolves may enter thus the fold;  
Whose heated mirth may make devotion cold.  
But where 'twas oft so—it was not so long,  
And e'en the inn learnt to obey the song,

Till not a call for liquor, ale, or beer,  
For fools' cheer came to baulk the better cheer.

Thus, obstacles in every age have met  
Improvements, and, at times, have quite upset  
Plans and intentions which with good might teem  
Greater than after times could of e'en dream:  
But, in this land, some minds have like its oak  
Waxed strong as hindrances rose to provoke;  
And e'en 'mongst Cymreigyddion "persevere"  
Was not a word that found deaf every ear:  
The noise, the smoke, and crush, and the disorder  
That seem'd for years on lunacy to border;  
E'en in the public-house at last made way  
For pastime bland that seemed like summer's day.

Then, haste we now in its collective might  
To see Welsh minds for native lore unite;  
(For there th' Eisteddvod tent is raised to sight!)  
And in them judge what's wrong and what is right,  
Did I say, Tent?—Pavilion is the name—  
Our Cambrian's modern temple 'tis of Fame  
That sooner goes from sight than to it came.

In yonder town, how happy were each street,  
If it could, aye, retain the prints of feet  
That through it haste to-day with nimble tread  
To see old rites and modern fashions wed!  
For there, know ye, light treads tell of light hearts  
That come from Cambria's most tale-hallow'd parts,—  
Come to be pleased with all that's done and said,  
As if before them, from among the dead,

Some of our Druids old were raised by spell,  
Such as in Endor raised dead Samuel!  
Though 'mid the human stream, *staccato* laughs,  
Say of our air, what nimble lungs have quaffs;  
The laugh's not one of scorn, nor yet of spite  
To what Welsh hearts so many in unite;  
For now fair nymphs whose fathers were our foes  
Can weep o'er strains that tell of Gwalia's woes;  
And oft their ears incline for more and more  
Of Cambria's lays as played in days of yore.

Fierce Anger's heat that in all Britons held  
Its place so long, at last all hearts did weld,  
And thus, with varying means, one will have all  
To make all Britain what *we* see this hall:  
In laws most free, in loyalty most bound,  
And still true Liberty's most hallow'd ground.

While some their beauty bear like burning lamps,  
Others their mettle show in martial tramps;  
And these among, with gait and look most odd  
Appear, as convicts from the land of Nod,  
The bards in twos and threes; and every stump  
Suspected rivals tries the means to pump.

And lo! in larger groups with *heigh, ho! hum!*  
Shows many a choir in all its might 'tis come:  
And as they turn to chat, with eye and ear  
Each measures him he hath most cause to fear,—  
As fierce Achilles Hector's fire would damp,  
When the brave Trojan trod the Grecian camp,  
So here, doth many a basser from his chest  
Sound ayes—and noes, that startles from its nest

The roof screen'd sparrow; and some pearly notes,  
E'en then and there, come from soprano throats,  
To calm some fears; and then with *hum ! heigh ! ho !*  
*In* brown and fair, and stout, and slender go;  
And gray, and bald, whom years begin to warp  
Follow to taste the balm of song and harp.

And lo! e'en from without is heard the air  
That says the president hath ta'en the chair!  
Then, reader, follow me—and with me view  
• Old things revived within a fane so new.

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## The Gisteddod.

Now in the face of day, and eye of light,  
Enter we shall the tent of wondrous height  
That for some hours will all keep out of sight:—  
The Druid's modern fane; yet, not so high,  
Nor broad at last, as Myfyr finds the sky;  
Nor quite so safe as is the rocking stone,  
On which four times a year he gnaws his bone,  
While bigots eat the fat of that great pig,  
The Sects of ne'er complain, as being too big.

By this time, Sects and Druids know by proof,  
No cloud or blue sky answers, as a roof;  
Beneath it, through each skyey change to sprout,  
Or, patient sit, to hear each spouter out:

So think the million, and so thinketh he  
Who, for this day is president to be;  
Where thousands, five or six, all gaze intent  
To catch whate'er his mouth may to give vent.

A man is he, who in his veins hath blood  
That ran through chiefs, if not from Noah's flood,  
From some flood immemorial; and he sits  
To fill the chair which all declare him fits;  
And lo! to hear him, and his name to greet,  
More than his lips can count around him meet;  
From storied mansions, farms, and vills, and cots,  
And hear and see competing Cambrians' lots;  
(As at fair Chester) where all Welshmen had  
Proofs that what gladdened them made Saxons glad,  
Though some, a score leagues off, found all was bad.

But let us have the speech—what is 't about,  
That's so received with clap, and cheer, and shout?

“Cambrians to you I must apologize  
As one who having hands, feet, ears, and eyes;  
Yet, when a boy, ne'er sought nor op'd Welsh books,  
Nor on a Welsh page turned but heedless looks;  
Nor heard old Cambria's tunes, but with the ear  
Of one that knew not she had sounds to cheer;  
And why? because my nurse said nought of worth  
Was ever acquired upon a Cambrian hearth!  
And now when 'tis too late, I wish in vain  
I'd learned the plain old Cymro's language plain;  
Then on her lofty height, and in her glen,  
What converse might I have with guileless men,  
Who, with the gait of clowns, have on their lips  
Words sweeter than the briar's scarlet hips;

To make amends for this my ignorance  
Of native language, I embrace this chance,  
To own to Englishmen, and Welsh, at once,  
I'll ne'er take praise for being a Cambrian dunce.

“ If 'tis disgrace in Wales for years to dwell,  
And not by voice and plumage learn to tell  
Her songbirds' names; or by their bark and foliage  
Of oak, and elm, and ash, evince some knowledge;  
Or by their size, and bleat, on heath, and steep,  
Be able to distinguish Cambrian sheep  
From other breeds; I own, with shame of face,  
Not less is his, who 'mid his native race  
Can spend life's earliest years, and fail to learn  
In Welshman's thought-lock how the key to turn.

“ Yes, this dear Wales where'er I go and come,  
I've made to me a land of deaf and dumb;  
And now I can but hope, as I confess  
My fault, for my neglect to make redress:  
And yet, from hearts my pride might well have harden'd  
Welsh voices come to tell me, I am pardoned!!  
Whilst by the Saxon's looks, I am assured,  
That he, too, of his prejudice is cured.

“ Ere Wales shall say, the days of Welsh are past,  
I hope some of her wealthiest will be last—  
Farewell to bid the old ship's parting deck  
Ere full rigg'd English hide the long mourned wreck:  
Though that praise won't be mine: I say again  
Some such will be among her wealthiest men:  
Now lest vain words again some minds should warp  
List all that hear to Cambria's ancient harp;

That triple instrument our land alone  
Doth practise and encourage as her own:  
All who contribute to the harper's prize  
Themselves thus pledge, at no time to despise  
Its youthful player, nor neglect the old;  
Else, 'tis to ruin both they give prize gold.

“ If Cambria's harp deserves a hearing here,  
To every house its music should be dear;  
And no Welsh brotherhood throughout the land,  
Should fail its work to find the harper's hand:  
In other words, no Welsh society  
Should him neglect th' Eisteddvod's hand would fee;  
Nor let the mellow tones, the harp's so rich in  
Be e'er confined within the tavern's kitchen:  
If David's instrument divert but fools,  
For this the shame belongs to music schools,  
For which these meetings should prescribe their rules.

“ Oft 'mid its tones, me thinks I hear a plaint  
It ever should have left the Royal saint;  
Or, like a nightingale, be put in mock'ry  
With tones seraphic to amuse a rook'ry:  
You've heard its notes, and mark'd with joy extatic,  
What sparks came show'ring from his runs chromatic:  
If he that harp can win, 'twill be thro' life  
(If I may mystically speak) his wife;  
And he, like many more, perhaps, will shine  
'Mongst fools with single harp as concubine:—  
This to prevent, we often should demand  
The instrument we 'd see beneath his hand;  
Call for the tunes that exercise his skill  
In what the single harp cannot fulfil:

And, as for good harp music we insist,  
 Be the harpist treated as the pianist,  
 And raised to honour; so that he may raise  
 All that are list'ners to his varied lays;  
 And ne'er accept in wine, or beer, or grog,  
 The grunting welcome that doth suit the hog,  
 Where pints by scores are thrust towards his mouth,  
 An end is there put to the artist's growth.

"How oft will louts that know tunes but by name,  
 A harpist stun with calling for the same;  
 If he comply they'll show that they're the boys  
 That can what's called for soonest drown with noise;  
 Who, when obey'd can sooner tyrant play,  
 Than the rude dunce that scarce his age can say?  
 In private house, or inn, or public hall,  
 A harp should have all ears, or none at all;  
 For the best music heard in chords or single,  
 Is, aye, too good with meaner sounds to mingle."

## CANTO III.

THE speech is spoken—and harpists to compete  
 As they ascend a thousand plaudits greet;  
*Penrhaw*, and variations is the tune  
 With new ones added, as in programme shewn:  
*Hebog* and *Eryr* answer to the call;  
 And *Hebog's* prelude's heard throughout the hall;  
 Then, with much energy, and bursting haste,  
 He sweeps like one by his own spirit chased  
 Thro' the old air—and with a frantic burst  
 He finds himself in variation first;



Through which he flies with still increasing hurry,  
As if in music's dust himself he'd bury.  
But, spite the maniac speed that seems his pride,  
There seems to be some limpings he would hide;  
Yet, ere they're marked, he hopes, by foe or friend,  
His task tremendous cometh to an end!  
Then, wiping oozing sweat drops off his brow,  
He backwards flings him with retiring bow:

Through the same tune and variations goes  
His rival Eryr; and through all he shows  
How passion strong, 'neath stronger will's control,  
In parts most rapid feels and eyes the whole:  
And there is one whose watchful ear and eye  
Notes him as summer's swallows snatch the fly;  
His notes chromatic strike; nor once thro' fury  
Affected try the same from sight to bury:  
His music's storm so surely he doth stride,  
He guides too well, to feel he is to guide:  
No wonder, then, it when his race is run  
Some with him think, that he has nothing done.

The judge who was a half taught pianist,  
To say the first was winner, would persist;  
And as this the committee seem'd to please,  
It also seem'd their point they'd gain with ease:  
But lo! no sooner was decision known  
Than Eryr's teacher rose, 'gainst hiss and groan,  
And asked with tone and gesture most emphatic,—  
“Can he who failed to touch one note chromatic,  
Say why he brought among us a Welsh harp?  
Was 't but to show his dread of flat and sharp?”

All now may see what caused his furious haste,  
He knew his torrents wild did all run waste?"

"Why, waste?" ask'd one of the committee; "we  
Their merits grant, but as the judge doth see."  
To give all hearers satisfaction, then,  
"Will ye allow them to compete again?  
One hath a spite 'gainst Eryr," that is known:  
Now hundreds cry, "Chair! chair! Chair! chair!

Yes, Chair ;"

Echoed the teacher; "Chair, and all that's fair,  
While I to some facts give both light and air,—  
To you, who know when Turkish magnates came  
Our festival to see, I ask, with shame,  
Have we forgot, in years so few, how he  
Whom since we've justly named *Pencerdd y De*  
For like offence, given to committee men  
Was jeopardized, as none shall be again!  
In the first competition, a mere boy,  
Much his inferior could his hope destroy;  
At seeing this, did not the Turkish heart  
Show how it took the spite-spurn'd harpist's part?  
Yea, show that in the breast e'en of the Turk,  
Justice arose 'gainst spite to counter-work;  
To him whose suff'ring hate had made so sharp,  
The foreigner a gift makes of the harp!

Followed again a contest quite as keen,  
In which Llewelyn with a face serene,  
Another air and variations play'd,  
As did two others, and the umpire said,—  
(Somewhat abashed) "two very near—let then,  
Llewelyn and his rival try again:"

They did so—and to end the fair-play sham,  
The prize again went the same hope to damn.

“Then, indignation at what all saw done,  
There made three noble ladies act as one,  
To grant true merit once again its claim,  
One harp again exalts Llewelyn’s fame!  
By this, how much less enviable thy heart,  
O Judge, than his thy verdict caused to smart!  
At set of sun, and on the self same day  
Another competition came away  
Between Llewelyn and that stripling’s teacher,  
Who in the forenoon proved so high a reacher;  
Humphreys play’d first, and as Llewelyn play’d,  
The Judge at variation second said,—

“There, that’s enough—your style so much before  
Your rival places you—the contest’s o’er.”

Thus, our Llewelyn was in one short day  
Proved worst and best at Venni town to play?  
How this could be, let that committee say.

“Thus, sir, committee men, ere this, have dar’d  
The worthiest youths to rob of their reward;  
As they would him, because, the night before,  
He kept not up with tunes a taproom’s roar:  
And know we not when whilom the great prize,  
Attraction had for Carnhuanawc’s eyes;  
This, he four times tried, with his might to win,  
Yet, in the race saw swifter runners in;  
This, too, saw they—and once, the Judge to test,  
Asked, “Is the prize deserved by him deem’d best?”

"Yea, *this* blind spite did ask—not seeing how low  
▲ feeble winner made a feebler row!  
This saw Sir Benjamin, and stopped in time  
The clique to be self caught in their own lime!  
And Carnhuanawe, seeming not to ken  
Their sore concern, competed once again!  
Yes, once again, and by his wishes fond,  
(If not plunged in the pool of dark despond,)  
We grieve to say it, from us all was hurried,  
And none could say, but "Ah! our Price is buried:  
Thro' life he spoke so well; since he is dead,  
None could men name, we'd hear in Price's stead:  
Whate'er we say of them—of him we say—  
To Cymreigyddion he was mightiest stay:  
And, Oh! of whom could Wales say while he strove  
As well as Price—his acts were acts of love?  
Yet, though all Wales his memory would cherish,  
Who would for that wish Stephens' fame to perish?  
As to this Judge, who, I think, did not watch  
With vigilance enough, these faults to catch;  
What can committees do in backing him,  
But make his good name's lustre foul, and dim?"

"Had I not watch'd so keenly, I confess,  
Of this man's faulty skips, I might have less  
'Gainst him to urge, or in his rival's behalf,  
For lo! his swift notes e'en as burning chaff  
By whirlwinds drifted came about all ears,  
And with that wirlwind some forbidden cheers,  
(From friends, perhaps) which aided to conceal  
The faults I deem 't my duty to reveal:  
Duty, Sir, to my pupil—duty to  
The land that holds some praise to her is due,

For patronizing and encouraging  
The triple harp more than the single string,  
Bids me make known to those who pay the cost  
The prize of skill should n't be through blockheads lost."  
"The harp is not the harpist, and it owns  
Not e'en the boy that shuns its semitones."  
"Nor shall it," saith the Chairman; "in my heart  
I'm glad you so did take your pupil's part.  
That justice may be done—I would advise  
You harpers to withdraw, while others rise;  
And try, with those who spoke, aside to settle  
Your differences; but mind—prove not your mettle  
In taunts and challenges, else must I show  
You have a duty like myself to know."

"Next, I shall ask the Minstrels of the North,  
While these their matters argue, to stand forth."  
Straight at the call, the Orpheus of some Inn  
Far North, up by his harp stands as a pin;  
Yet, some said that he stagger'd, while around  
Him formed the Zodiac by which he'd be bound;  
He strikes a prelude, and his trembling hands  
Confess, despite his strength, how fast the sands  
Of last night's revel did run down to shake  
A youth of nerve so strong, and plastic make!  
Be that now as it may—this North-born youth  
Well knows what he's to do, and of a truth  
Every *Dadganiad* that would with him sing,  
Doth doubtless know how he can trust his string;  
And where they came on shily, two by two,  
In semicircle now all eyes them view:—  
Plain men, most plainly clad, and to the throng,  
The most unlikely to be sons of song.

The Harpist strikes *Serch Hudol*,—readily  
Each Minstrel hears the long used melody;  
And minds so to strike in, that he again  
May close exactly with the Harpist's strain,  
Which is repeated; and at seeming leisure  
Another enters in a different measure  
And rhythm, too; but, notwithstanding this,  
Nor time, nor tune, nor accent doth he miss;  
Else would another in a trice observe  
Where he from either of these things did swerve;  
And mark it, too, down as a ballad's hole,  
Where none will dare dispute a rule's control.

Besides, these Minstrels deem it childish play  
To follow, note for note, the Harpist's lay;  
By rules of counterpoint, they chant-wise run  
In note prolonged, athwart the chord begun;  
But never out of it, nor miss a word,  
Nor in their sudden breaks is ever heard  
A discord, save the passing one, but this  
Ne'er maketh them the right way outward miss;—  
They deem it shame in third, or fifth, o'r eighth,  
If a chance were lost t' exhibit native sleight;  
And mount again the air, as oft we see  
Equestrians steeds from which they seem'd to flee;  
Never do they once lose the Harpist's course  
More than the wond'rous rider doth his horse;  
Moreover, let the Harper change his tune,  
Be 't when it may, the singer, quite as soon,  
Is in his saddle without scratch or fall,  
As if no change of tune had been at all;  
For lo! he nothing asks at th' harper's hand,  
But that he 'd keep to tunes of Native Land!

Then, as he enters, will he finish still  
With him whose lyre obeys but his own will.  
No tune is called for—all to him is left—  
And as he likes to prove at what he 's deft,  
So do the minstrels, who most skillful are,  
To show the hounds that best keep track of hare:  
And if to watch them we found time and place,  
Then should we see, how long and hard a chase  
Would needful be, ere one put out of breath,  
Could us prepare to be in at the death.  
Some fool with snout uplifted asks "What's that?"  
More than can come from 'neath a witling's hat.  
Let Northman say, what bliss it gives his mind  
In chanting stanzas of all lengths and kind,  
To feel and cause sweet wonder, where none guess  
What next will follow.—I for one, confess  
'Tis just like watching in th' autumnal breeze,  
Ripe apples as they fall from orchard trees;  
Or moonbeams peeping 'twixt high sailing clouds  
To seamen that behold them through the shrouds.  
As by *Giraldus* they were heard of old,  
On Cambrian hearts they still retain a hold;  
As by us heard, if heard a right, I'm bold  
To say that heart's not Welsh, that still feels cold,  
Where we find stumbling blocks they smoothness find,  
And laugh at Southerners they leave behind.

## CANTO IV.

NEXT follow songs—with the piano some,  
And some with harp; and as so many come  
Their skill of voice to try: one verse or two  
Will be in full what either may sing through:  
And every listener that is not a fool  
His hot impatience (once 'tis felt) to cool,  
Must deem th' Eisteddvod but a Cambrian school,  
That maketh its examination day  
Of such as *this*, when every Cambrian may  
As by the measure of his preparation  
His Welsh acquirements prove to his own Nation;  
For, surely, in th' Eisteddvod National,  
Who, but its representatives are all  
Who to 't contribute, or within it hear  
The harps and songs that Cambrians hold so dear?  
The high, the brave, the true, or would be such,  
Though to this place, his horse had been his crutch;  
For candid hearts may have enjoyment much.

If proof were needed—man is soothed by song,  
I would not seek it now where thousands throng;  
For, fashion; in her thousands, every day  
Could prove the worth of all that men display:  
Where song's forbidden, as where 'tis allow'd,  
Among the lowly, as the high and proud;  
But, who can say, there has not been a time,  
When to his heart, the simplest tune and rhyme  
Was cordial, anodyne, and sweet restorer,  
Of sleep that world strife's dreams had filled with horror?



Yea, say what nurse can't tell how oft and long,  
Her rest has been the wages of her song?  
And for each man, what mother, as his nurse,  
Can't say how oft the signs of primal curse  
By song were charmed, and may be yet in all—  
As in the babe, so in the giant Saul.

But, to be blest by song, ambition wild  
Must some times hear it, as the sucking child  
Its mother's lullaby—as o'er green dells  
The shepherd boy doth hear the village bells:  
Ye, who in songs assemble to compete  
If you in the right spirit so could meet,  
Others might sing, "how beautiful their feet"  
In thoughts of you—and, O! do not forget,  
An angry singer ne'er did justice yet  
To what he sang—except a song of war—  
Because his heart, was from his theme so far.

Of war, the songs are few—but those of peace  
More num'rous are than summer's clouds of fleece;  
Than all the drugs th' apothecaries sell,  
And from complaints more numerous make us well:  
For now may Britain to her children cry,—  
"All ye that know your feelings, come and buy,"  
Yea, without money, songs that sweeten toil,  
And prove to limbs fatigued as wine and oil;—  
Lays that are sunshine to the wildered mind;  
And helps the paths of cheerfulness to find;  
Are they not strength'ners to the faint of heart,  
That teach us how to bear each other's part—  
Joy with the joyful—mourn with those that mourn,  
And be a shelter to the winter-shorn:

And teach us all that's lovely how to love,  
Till earth may likened be to heav'n above?

' To him who learns from song, this song will do;  
But, to make other hearts absorb their dew,  
Each that hath for himself of them made choice  
Must ne'er compete but in what suits his voice:  
Hence to the singer, as the speaker, art  
Its aid must give thro' voice to find the heart:  
And this gives birth to style—a potent word—  
That influence claims in all that's seen and heard:  
To indicate what's best, and so in song,  
To settle what is right, and what is wrong;  
And bring at last, 'tis hoped, all human creatures  
To know the mode all tongues may say, 'tis nature's:  
Then, as we see the glazed ware turned to delf,  
Nature in every guise seeks but herself!

Now, see we how competing singers find  
In Cambria what should please a taste refined:—  
The first, a war song tries, much praised and new,  
And one, his mother's cat, as well could mew;  
The next, a Stentor out a love-song howls,  
As if he'd kill all other loving souls:  
The third so faithful to the pianist  
His notes doth tink to his own beat of fist;  
The fourth, for minor, sings in major key,  
His grandmother might have told him how 't would be;  
The fifth, with alto voice, would roar at bass;  
The sixth turns every note, and calls it grace:  
The seventh, as if content, e'en there to doze,  
Nurse-like, gives half his mouth work to his nose:

The eighth no breath takes, but to break a phrase,  
 And gives, in pauses scores, not one its place;  
 The ninth so super-polish'd all he could,  
 Of what he sang, none one word understood!  
 The tenth, a ballad sang, with such an air,  
 It made the simple swain some Monarch's heir:  
 The eleventh, each swell doth sharpen half a tone,  
 And in his pia seems a dying drone:  
 The twelfth 'midst "quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,"  
 And sobs, and glides, in one, gives all the styles:  
     Ah, that thirteenth, his lips, and teeth and tongue  
     Make every heart know what the man hath sung,  
     A cask of new wine he's, full to the bung:  
 And what he utter'd by our tongues and lips  
 Are thrice repeated, for repeated sips.  
 So noble is the utterance of his words,  
 In song he's surely one of Nature's lords.

But who is this—zounds—by his shoulder's lift  
 He says he 'll send all rivals here adrift;  
 And when that's done, the breath he needs to do 't,  
 He'll charge for, at so much per cubic foot;  
 If Braham had swollen his chest so, as a proof  
 Of air inhaled, his voice had raised the roof;  
 But this vain fellow, makes himself wind-stout  
 With what he fancies in, when 'tis half out!  
 And, sure, he lifts his shoulders as he sings  
 For the same end as th' Ostrich doth its wings;  
 But, of the two, the Ostrich is more wise,  
 She's help'd to run—he's not to run or rise.

The sixteenth—how?—a female?—what's her name?  
 That you shan't know—to be reporter's game?

See, see—she too has learned the shoulder lift,  
And thinks 'twill help t' annoance her vocal gift;  
But thanks to sense—where 'tis, no one but sees  
Wales ne'er will rise through extacies like these:  
Let's hope good sense cares for good voice, then we  
Shall see Ann's fame rise where it ought to be:

At last comes one that wisely hath made choice  
Of tune and words that suit his well-trained voice,  
Which is of range so great, his tenor B,  
For utt'rance clear ne'er fails in melody;  
And then in tenor's depth seems not his sweep  
The sea eagle's athwart the billowing deep?  
For such the ease and fullness of his note  
'Twould seem that bass alone doth suit his throat;  
But never once through all his range immense,  
Do words, with him, their pathos lose or sense:  
Never swept swallow o'er the dew gemm'd grass  
Easier than he from strain to strain doth pass;  
Never did blackbird on the tall oak's spray  
Give to his liquid trills more buoyant play:  
In song so mighty—yet, so free from pride  
Who is so fit to swim in honour's tide?  
While ask a thousand tongues, "where is he from?"  
A thousand tongues ring sweetly, "Well done, Tom!"  
Of all, *Tom Gronwy* only had skill and voice  
That justified in every song his choice.

What do I see? Has Tom stood up again?  
He has—and to compete with Linnet Gwen!  
"When God is for us who 'll be us against?"  
Sings she not as if Heav'n had round her fenc'd?

O what vitality 's in woman's heart!  
She surely feels that God now takes her part,  
And in defiance holy doth put down  
(As if this song of Handel's were her own)  
Her gifted rival, who so cowardly  
Came on in competition with a *she* ;  
She's strong in faith, and he has lost it all—  
As he deserved—the audience saw his fall,  
And Tom's now glad to slink out of the hall.

Next, hear we a Duet—upon my life,  
Its praise must, aye, be that of man and wife,  
Because they rashly married when they met,  
The concord wish'd for—they've not found it yet,  
But as they've joined for better and for worse,  
Their union still must prove their bliss or curse,  
Or both; and from this state they cannot budge,  
Save as they both join to backbite the Judge,  
And that they do; for though to-day so vex'd  
By his remarks, they vow when comes the next  
Eisteddvod, he shall not so beat them down,  
To give the prize to fav'rites of his own.

Ye, young ones, think, when you would buy a pair  
Of gloves, or shoes, or stockings, that you'd wear  
For months or years as bettermost; if the price  
Be high, will you not see with judgment nice,  
That where one's good, the other too, is so,  
Else, you will not the high price for them throw;  
Expect not then, when you in pairs compete,  
That you can gain, but as good equals meet.

Another pair—how was that lively fawn  
Yoked to an ox? and hither she has drawn  
One whose broad low so draggeth down her voice,  
To show the wondering folks he was her choice!  
Well be it so—the Judge who wonders too,  
Though pitying her, sees he can nothing do,  
But wish them both in all things better met  
Than they appear to be in their Duet.

But stop, Sir Judge, a third pair yet doth wait  
To see you to Fame's Temple, ope the gate:  
The man is here, a man in every sense,  
And sings his part with cheering confidence;  
But in herself fair Ann cannot confide,  
But knows the pianist is at her side;  
And it is said, where she used to make slips,  
A note or two came out between his lips,  
To prompt his pupil; but the Judge, though near,  
That prompting note did neither see nor hear!  
And though some vow'd they'd clearly heard the sound  
When sought as proof, 'twas no where to be found.

"Now," said the Judge, "as these last two did win,  
If this is Fame's fane—I bid both walk in:  
Succeeds the Glee, and now comes in my head,  
What at Aberystwyth, Sir John Hanmer said,—  
'That he had not come there to hear and see,  
But what could boast Welsh originality.'  
But, forty years ago, this Wales, be 't known,  
Had not a Glee that she could call her own;  
None, none, nor Choruses 't were any praise  
For Welshmen to compete in now-a-days.

“ Hence, at Carmarthen town at last rose he  
Who intonation taught in song and glee:  
*Here in Cool Grot, the Red Cross Knight*, ’tis said,  
With, *Life’s a Bumper*, also, *Lightly tread* ;  
With more from Bishop, Haydn, and Mozart,  
And then gave *Handel’s Choruses* the start;  
And this made Cambria in twice seven years  
The Land whose strains pleas’d Welsh and foreign ears:  
And must we not be glad we understand  
What Handel’s spirit left for every land?  
Glad to tell Cambria that to her good store  
Of tunes, we can, of things as sweet, add more;  
And things in parts, she ne’er hath rivall’d yet,  
From Chorus, down to Trio and Duet?

“ Say, who would in us deem it good or wise,  
For native airs to offer, prize on prize,  
And spurn at all that come from other parts  
To soothe our spirits, or enlarge our hearts?  
With shewing Wales her own things she must know,  
Why—why not let her hear the foreign too?  
And thus desist from doing what Scotland did,  
When she would all lays, save her own, forbid?  
Though I love Welsh Airs, Scotia’s to my ear  
So good are, I’d have Wales all Scotia’s hear;  
For they and Robin’s songs—at morn and noon—  
Have made me wish my home by Bonny Doon,  
Or Ayr, or Dee, or mid the banks of Ivan,  
Where I would little care what I should live on  
If I could look and feel as Scotchmen did  
When to sing Coila’s praise the Muse did bid.  
O Wales! what but thy glens so green and fair  
My youthful feet could keep from being there?

What's that? A catch—before the glees come in!  
With merry looks and gait, but little din:—  
Three turnspits in a wheel—a treadmill this  
To punish drones that time and accents miss;  
Let them go round and round, and ere it fail,  
I hope the cat will surely catch her tail.

At bottom if Tom's best, Dick's best at top,  
And Bill—whom no one hears—makes sign to stop,  
Then be it so—poor Will shall close the shop.  
Than hear more in this style, I'd fain be gone  
To hear the Aberdarians sing "*Call John!*"

Ha! What comes next? A glee of Webb's, I ween,  
And that to be performed by twice sixteen!  
What's that but what 't would be, on street or strand,  
To drive a carriage small, sixteen in hand?  
Sure, it would please discerning men far more  
To see the same thing better drawn by four.

Who sings a solo must—ere he can please—  
All he has to go through, go through with ease;  
And often for effect, from verse to verse,  
Take liberty with time, and not coerce  
His voice as one placed on his master's shelf;  
But somewhat differ, yes, e'en from himself,  
In his repeat of words, else, without scruple,  
The folks will say he's too much his own pupil.

Then, in duet, and trio, and in glee,  
Though singers, by degrees, become more free  
From dread of critics, e'en in such as these  
The practised ear will faults detect with ease,



And as the piece inviteth close inspection,  
A crowd sung glee but dread shows of detection;  
As if a boat with rowers overcrowded  
Would hope by *that* all want of skill were shrouded.  
Hence would the faults at which they'd have us wink  
Cause men and boat in sight of all to sink.  
Few words have choruses, and very near  
None feel the need to sit those words to hear;  
In most duets and glees the words are many,  
And as they're sung we'd all hear, or not any;  
But ere all words are heard and understood,  
The voices must be few—the utterance good.  
Then, as a farmer eyes his choicest team,  
Do we the band that gives us music's cream.

## CANTO V.

COME next to sight the bards, in the belief  
That 'mong Eisteddvod fowls they are the chief:  
But in this land two Bardic schools have we,  
One for the metres bound, one for the free.  
The first, in days when men were clad in steel,  
Believed the Muse might also move and feel  
In mental armour, such as warriors wore  
And in them war songs sang, as sung before  
(In free-er style) Aneurin, Taliesin,  
And divers more, as proud of what they'd dress in.  
Others, who David-like, could fight and sing,  
The light clad Muse would to the contest bring;  
Knowing that might and daring, where they're found,  
Can most achieve when least by armour bound:  
But Cambria's David, though in gear and dress,  
He aye was what a fair maid might caress;

Loose, light, and unencumber'd, yet, his song,  
 E'en to his *Morvydd* was in language strong;  
 And though no bard on earth did ever feel  
 More love baptized than he; still, clad in steel  
 His Muse appeared to woo;—and who is he  
 That says his Muse was not in that most free?

With words too few, and gazes very hard,  
 Sir Hugh surveyed each he believed a bard;  
 Then with enquiring look he asks—"Is he  
 Th' appointed judge of all the poetry?"  
 "Not all," replied a voice, "for I'm the one  
 They've named to judge the first thing that comes on.

"The present theme's *The Land beneath the Sea*.  
 While Bards surmise who may their rivals be—  
 I've to announce that of the five who stood  
 For this bright medal, only two were good:  
 Two, and of these, though in some points so near,  
 The one my judgment worthiest held was *Lear*.  
 Yet, as the subject had been given before  
 And on it prizes won, no merit bore  
 This prize away; hence 'tis some untried text  
 Must in its stead be for *Fisteddvod* next."

"Pity," exclaims the Chairman, "why don't men  
 That programmes fill, this evil timely ken?  
 Committees ought to know amid a score  
 Of subjects named, what has been named before.  
 Most evident it is their ignorance,  
 Or rogu'ry, gives some when they choose, the chance  
 To win by cunning; or keep prizes back  
 From rivals they would stretch on critic's rack."

"True, Sir," responded Lear, with face rage-swollen;  
"If he avers that I from aught have stolen,  
Here let him prove it, and give evidence  
Appreciable by truth and common sense.  
My work you've heard him praise, and then condemn;—  
Though scores are glad to touch his garment's hem,  
He has competed too;—and he can boast  
When loser, he ne'er failed his judge to roast;—  
On the live embers of some kindred pride  
I would, for once, such heating give his hide.  
He, Sir, it was, who in his deep chagrin  
Wrote long epistles twelve (some say thirteen)  
To show the world that first-rate bards alone  
Are fit to judge effusions like their own!

Forgetting quite what judges had of old,  
Though of defects and beauties they'd such hold,  
Found that for bards, their clay got too soon cold.  
From great Aristotle to Blair and Kames,  
Critics professed, and world known by their names,  
Were poets but in taste; through whom did steal  
What only poet's hearts can still reveal,  
As sparks from contact sharp of flint and steel.

"Yet, Sir, your bards of fame too oft have written  
What showed they well could bite ere they were bitten;  
Showed prejudice as blind and obstinate  
As e'er disgraced a cloister'd cynic's pate.  
E'en byron, who defended Pope's fair fame,  
But, with a sneer, would gentle Cowper name.  
And when the critics fell foul with his page  
With dire dispatch caused he to feel his rage  
Not his detractors only, but a host  
Of men whose talents England deigned to boast;

And sparing none that bore the name of bard,  
He seemed at last by his own triumph scared  
To seek, in foreign climates, for the peace  
His native land bestowed not on caprice.  
Of other poets, who his rivals were,  
If one would ask, whose good name would he spare?  
Did mighty Byron tell us? Ah! not he—  
Save Scott's, and not e'en *his* in poetry!

“Voltaire the poet, and historian, too;  
Whom Prussia's king, Great Frederick, closely knew  
And honoured, as his own time's chief of bards,  
Called Shakespeare's works *the dunghills of the yards*!  
And said of Ossian's style sublime, that it  
Had praise too high, like that of Holy Writ.

“And know we not, too well, how Dewi Wyn  
Of Eivion in this Wales as gorse and whin  
Did see his golden grains by rival hid  
From sight of those who for his fame would bid.

“And Clynog's poet, what caused his last moan?  
Was 't not a poet's want of will to own  
The merit's of his Bosworth Field? Yea that  
All else he did, made 'weary, stale, and flat.'

“That Eben, who so well had stored his mind,  
Knew he not envy could make great bards blind?  
Yet, if he did, good man, I'd fain believe  
His smile was proof, no envy could him grieve.

"One that so long was judge of poetry  
Could partly augur what posterity  
Would of him say; just as Caledfryn does  
When you inform him what his foes may buzz:  
Could Clynog's bard forget the man of Uz?

"But what of that? I want not praise, but proofs  
Of plagiarism my judge has had his hoofs  
For days upon, but can't now show or quote,  
Though he had time so long to oil his throat!  
Once more I call for proofs; none—none—forthcoming?  
Then friends, when next the Muse sets me a humming,  
My first care will be—his eye ne'er shall light  
Upon a line of what I'm moved to write;  
I've faults, but nothing stolen, else let him cite.

"Thus have I, Sir, in speech, I fear too long,  
The judgment weighed of many a prince of song;  
And if their censures proved a withering curse,  
'Tis hard to say their elegies proved worse:  
If this you doubt, read, Sir, the eulogies  
Which in our days each blushing critic sees;  
One but for studying Nesbit's simple page,  
A brother bard call'd Newton of his age!  
And for his pleasant chat of music's laws,  
Greater than Handel, said the same, he was.  
If one that's chaired can the seven planets name,  
As an Astronomer he 'll hear his fame  
Blown by seven mouths, and mid the seven bright stars  
They 'll bid him be as high as heathen Mars;  
And there his virtues seven times magnified,  
Will bards' themes be while on roll time and tide.

"The Scripture bids us love our enemies;  
 Most hard a thing for bards; says he that tries;  
 Yet, half a crown for his foe's epitaph  
 Brings him to own that angry words are chaff,  
 And as he well can pardon dead men's sins,  
 He can his own, for the half-crown he wins;  
 And if, in praising, he should write a lie,  
 Won't it be theirs who'd have the praise be high?  
 So 'twill—though some will vow, the very breath  
 Of such eulogium's worse than second death,  
 E'en in this world, whate'er's said of the next,  
 Where no man's acts shall be a poet's text.

"All here by chance men's names tread down or lift,  
 As he doth choose who makes the prize his gift;  
 How true the saying that degrades our days—  
 "His praise is worthless as a poet's praise."  
 All here to-day as witnesses have stood,  
 To hear this man confess my work is good;  
 Yet, Sir, nor you nor we, can but surmise  
 Whether 'twas good enough to win the prize.  
 This he won't say—because, forsooth, some head  
 Some time ago, had done all in my stead;  
 That means no less than, that as he would, I  
 Used stolen thoughts; to prove which I defy  
 Him, here, or any where, and if he fails,  
 Let all eyes see what he's in justice' scales.  
 To prove my theft—what needs he but to quote:  
 If this he cannot—why hint what others wrote?  
*Cawful*—the great master of the gib, gab, geb—  
 All now may gaze at, caught in his own web!"

Lear ceased, and lo! the salt of his harangue  
 Makes many a would-be judge his wit-block hang;

This sees the Chairman, and exclaims—" 'Tis pity;  
Here's one case more for you judge and committee  
To reconsider.— Though a judge this thing  
May feel as wasp that writhes from its own sting;  
Feel it he must, or feel more poignant stabs  
O' th' tongue that daily his injustice blabs.  
Do ye as prudence bids. The next to this  
A poem is, upon *Domestic Bliss*.

None here is prouder than myself to see  
Such noble prizes giv'n for poetry.  
Bards you are not despised as seers of old  
Were by that land which should afford them gold—  
Their own, their Native Land—and oft forsooth,  
Because they'd courage to speak out the truth  
'Gainst ruling despots, who would gifts present  
To none, save those who to their will had bent:  
And so in Wales, who quaffed the chieftain's wine  
Ne'er dared at his injustice to repine;  
What makes Welsh prizes now (as I dare tell you)  
Of worth is that all ranks approve their value:  
They're not for praise of princes, nor of men  
Who would for flattery pay their guineas ten.

For what then goes so fair a prize as this?  
'Tis for a poem on *Domestic Bliss*;  
A worthy theme; yea, worthy every bard  
Who o'er it pond'ring tried his heart to guard  
'Gainst envious grudgings for, as those broke out  
They shewed he felt not what he wrote about;  
While malice sways, this, in the clearest minds  
Between them and blest thoughts keeps down the blinds:

Now, *Mr. Tomwaver*, all who sit me near  
Would rather than my talk your verdicts hear."

"That, Sir, they shall," said *Tomwaver*, "as shall all  
Who with their presence grace this spacious hall;  
Three have competed, of whom, to his shame,  
One to me forwarded his real name!  
For this, I deem't but fair to punish him,  
And all he wrote leave to oblivion dim:  
Whene'er your Judges fear to lose such friends,  
Justice in no way can secure her ends,  
Nor for the frauds she shares in make amends.

"The two I have compared to me appear,  
In genius equal, but, though here so near,  
Their Odes in metre widely disagree—  
One all in *that* our country calls *the Free*,  
For this evinces superiority  
In clearness, pathos, sense, and unity  
Of thought, design, and strength upon the whole,  
And lasting hold upon the reader's soul.  
The other's measure we may rightly call  
By our *Eisteddvod*'s laws, canonical—  
Strictly alliterative, and its length  
In each, and all has proved the author's strength.  
Verily of him I may as justly say  
What Pope of Shakespeare said, 'his mental ray  
Strikes like an accidental fire from heaven;'  
But when the flash is past,—black as a raven  
Appear some clouds that nurs'd the fiery match,  
And we must wait ere it the like can hatch,  
And though e'er Shakespeare none need for such watch,



I watch'd; but ne'er felt cold ere it did strike  
 Again, so oft, till I the Ode did like;—  
 Yes, liked, and deem'd by my heart's fairest test,  
 Among our Cambrian Odes one of the best—  
 To me our ancient bards too wise appear  
 In aught they wrote to tire eye, heart, or ear.  
 Ne'er made a song, or ode, or poem too long  
 As now our feeblest do—if thought to thought  
 Are here not linked so closely as they ought;  
 What can I say, but that the thing he would,  
 He did as well as Gwalia's best bards could;  
 And knowing this, must I not also see  
 It couldn't be first in every quality.

“Then, as the old with us claim precedence,  
 After reflection painful, and intense,  
 Truth that allow'd me not my task to shun,  
 Bade me to all announce—this prize is won  
 By Aaron Wan. If Ithel's present, he  
 His praise has heard for what's writ in the free.  
 Again I say, though he's obscure at times,  
 Aaron doth yield to none in these hard rhymes:  
 In time will *Gwynedd* say of him, and *Gwent*,  
 This Ode is Aaron's noblest monument.”

“Be't so—and what his mouth to now gave vent,”  
 Said Ithel “be *Tonwawr*'s noblest monument;  
 For coming to his proofs which Ode is best,  
 All I could wish, hath *Tonwawr* not confessed?  
 In pathos, clearness, sense, and unity,  
 Hath he not owned my superiority?  
 And yet, for excellence he cannot name,  
 My rival is t' enjoy, the prize and fame!

As to the metres old, as well as he  
 All who have ears feel their complexity:  
 Search through the world, and you will find no tongue  
 Hath so bespangled all that's in it sung  
 As ours: and yet, amid its starry light,  
 When we most wish for day, we find 'tis night.  
 What's all the beauty of our metres strict,  
 But what of yore adorned the painted Pict?  
 Or Briton, if you like, or the tattooing  
 Of Indians, all so proud of your reviewing?  
 When Welshmen boast th' alliterative art;  
 To metres free how few can that impart,  
 Which gives a lasting charm to English song,  
 Because e'en here they're bound by the old thong!

"How strange it is—a bard like *Gronsey Dda*  
 Found not in Milton's verse its melody  
 More than the stitcher of a sampler sees  
 Of beauty in Artist's mountains, clouds, and trees;  
 Most strange indeed—when not a single bard  
 Of English growth finds not, and owns how hard—  
 Yea, how impossible it is for most  
 T' attain the music of his *Paradise Lost*:  
 And yet, o'er nursery rhymes who'll ask, but we,  
 What's better heard in Milton's melody?

"And can we not in this discern the cause  
 That Cambrian bards in change of rhythm and pause  
 So little dare, and still so timidly  
 Is it not their unfitness to be free?  
 Lo! when the Englishman once finds that verse  
 Too regular doth mental flight coerce,

He like a tumbler pigeon in his flight,  
 Makes airy summersaults seem his delight;  
 And not the downbreaks caused by sudden fright;  
 But when our Welsh bard ventures such a fling  
 How soon it doth betray the broken wing!  
 And where he'd prove the bliss of being free  
 Who's heard to curse his freedom; who, but he?

"Then, as to matter—ha! what old style bard  
 Whose jingle than it, oft had more regard  
 Can we not name? What things in earth or sky  
 For sound's sake have not in a poet's lie:  
 In hue, and shape, and substance, as in size,  
 Been made what they ne'er were to other eyes?  
 And yet, far more than learned ones believe,  
 Welsh bards have, in their gyves, been known t' achieve!  
 But, where they fought with obstacles so hard  
 Who'll labour so to understand the bard?

Not one, in this age in a thousand; no!

Nor, of the *fair*, can e'en mid myriads show

One that could ever read a Welsh Ode through.

Yet, have our poets been so much bewitch'd  
 By words and phrases which their skill had hitch'd  
 In song, in *Cywydd*, *Englyn*, and in Ode  
 Nought's left undone to make the beaten road  
 Of language pure, one shining criss-cross lane,  
 Which few that trod became not half insane;  
 With hopes to lengthen it, with phrase to phrase  
 Until their dazzled eyes saw beauty and grace  
 In sixty lines or more that all began  
 With the same letter!—this was done by man!  
 Yea, men so o'er-delighted with their task  
 They ne'er deign'd for its usefulness to ask!

Not till they'd music sacrificed and sense  
Unto an Alphabet's omnipotence!  
O! what a mercy that in all those years  
Such stretching of poor sense stretch'd not Welsh ears.

"Say why," asked Aaron, "why should we in verse,  
More than in Architecture, style coerce?  
Why in our temples praise the Gothic style,  
And deem in song whate'er is ancient vile?  
Cannot old measures suit the subject new,  
As oldest models do the fanes we view?  
Though Grecian style and Gothic so much differ—  
Though one by th' other heavier be or stiffer—  
England in both beholds those lines of beauty  
That make their preservation seem a duty.  
Just so doth Wales, in what affects our choice,  
And I in th' older style gave out my voice.  
If it is harder, rougher, than the new,  
I chose it for its strength; and so would you,  
If you had mastered it—is that not true?"

"You did," retorted *Ithel*, "on a theme  
All virtuous minds of highest interest deem:  
All that can read within our native land  
Whate'er is written on this should understand;  
Yes, understand as clearly as the psalm  
Which every one that hears drinks of its balm;  
Now, tell me why a Myddleton's caprice, (i)  
Ne'er did what did the verse of Edmund Prys?  
Cause all that did for holy service meet  
Its holy words with heart and voice repeat  
So oft, so joyfully;—sung ten times o'er  
Its manna taste was relished more and more!"

Tells this not that the tinselled metres old  
 Made David's fervent strains seem icy cold?  
 While the Archdeacon's was from every shelf  
 Heard as the voice of Israel's King himself!  
 For my part, I would prizes always see  
 For *Awdlau* as an old curiosity;

But O! whate'er we would in all hands see  
 And read and heard in every family;  
 For virtue's sake, be that in measure free.

"Ye, bards of Wales, how rashly you've believed  
 That in the measures free you've all achieved;  
 What Milton, Tennyson, and Wordsworth have,  
 And Pope and Byron in light style and grave!  
 Hiraethog, Llwyro, Essyllt and Nicander  
 Know this so well—with Ceiriog now they wander;  
 For sips which prejudice has long forbidden,  
 And own the sweets which fear had from them hidden."

"What next comes will blow off this low'ring cloud;  
 Of this, who, like myself, must not feel proud?  
 What is to come, you ask? Prize after prize  
 Given by our gifted ladies." Now sharp cries  
 Of hear! hear! hear! show what an oozing wish  
 Was in that feast of soul for change of dish.

## CANTO VI.

WHAT'S the first prize? Two Guineas for the best  
 To sing a song to th' air—*Flow'rs of the West*;  
 With this the Judge, Hugh's told—are they go on  
 The prize unbroken must be given to *one*.

Five for it try—the Judge though will-confined,  
Said, two of them he did so equal find,  
Justice—that would by no one's hest be tied—  
Told him, between those two the prize divide.  
Then said the lady, much chagrined, "Ho! then  
Be 't so, but ne'er with prize of mine again."  
Another lady daggers look'd, they say,  
Because the prize she gave went not her way.  
A third did writhe 'neath wishes, good and bad,  
Because a blind youth her prize-harp not had;  
A fourth, because one she her Linnet call'd,  
Won not her sov'reign, almost stamp'd and squall'd;  
A fifth that taught her gard'ners girl a tune,  
Vow'd that the prize should be no other's boon;  
A sixth for what she did a treatise call,  
*On Gwent and Gwyneth's progress musical*;  
Because she had her clerk with help supplied  
From every source; and bidden him walk or ride  
To whomsoc'er he would, both near and far  
To glean and pile all facts that would not jar  
In his production; and by her own test  
Had prophesied his treatise would be best;  
Now vows unto the lady that sits nigh her  
Whate'er the winner's claims, her clerk's are higher:  
As she could prove, and would, if she had eyes  
Ere other's hands should e'er receive the prize:  
"For this, so much," she said, "went from my shelf,  
I deem'd it, as to matter, from myself:  
And do you think that such as here compete  
Against my like with thoughts could crape a sheet?"

"Here," saith the Chairman, "from some ladies' looks  
I judge they'd given us ere their fortune books

Had been consulted; else, they'd not feel ill,  
 As if their gifts had gone against their will:  
 Eisteddvod prizes are for Native Land,  
 O'er which no donor e'er should have command:  
 The private gift you meant for some one's good,  
 Had you your will, would here have doubtless stood  
 Against superior merit, which, but for you,  
 Had from all Wales received what was its due:  
 The gifts you'd here control, are nothing better  
 Than kindnesses employed to kill far greater:  
 Favours for which e'en justice' self must weep  
 That you and favourites may have peaceful sleep;  
 That you may make all Wales, where'er you're from  
 Own as her good, what you meant but for home!  
 Which of you would have this 'graved on her tomb?'

The ladies colours changed, as it was seen,  
 To red, and pale, and blue, and some say green,  
 (As did Napoleon's on the battle field)  
 As they were forced to Chairman's rule to yield;  
 And lo! the man who ne'er could curb his wife,  
 Could say, that once he had in his short life  
 Five termagants struck dumb—and after rout  
 Of foes so flighty, valiantly cried out—  
 "The Choirs, let them have room, else must the press  
 Cause to the best of trebles sore distress;  
 Their place should, from the first, be theirs alone,  
 To enter and to hold e'en as their own.

"Yea, as a regiment on a field day hath  
 All living things warned off its marching path,  
 And till its manual exercise is o'er  
 All sight obstructors find a space before;

So should the Choirs; and well for these 'twould be  
On a field day, the trained ones' feats to see;  
When arms they slope, present, or raise to fire,  
A thousand men are moved, as by one wire;  
There, for his comrade's motion none doth wait  
To do the same, and none's too soon or late;  
And what is more—where all is done so well  
None tries in strength or smartness to excel  
His next, or higher lift, or fling his piece  
Than doth his mate in arms, else his caprice  
May to the regiment be but sheer disgrace,  
As to its best commander, shame of face."

"Right, Sir," replies a voice, "and when that's done  
T' have time so kept, it must be ta'en from one—  
The fogle-man—so, by as strict a rule,  
When choirs combine, one time is for the whole:  
And yet, when Time is with precision kept,  
In spite of this, abuses in have crept;  
Or haply were by selfish ones conceal'd  
Till comes their chance.—Then are they freely peal'd  
To ears two thousand, in their hideousness,  
When for 't no leadership can make redress:  
Some puny Basser, less though than the least,  
None to be heard will try to play the beast,  
And prove in words like—*hear!* and *hail!* and *hark!*  
How foxlike he can make his churlish bark:  
And near him strains a roarer strong and rough,  
To show the world he has not roared enough;  
And some young Amazon—her alto's joy,  
Is in it to be thought a braggart boy;  
While nigh her, one in practice always check'd,  
Screams as 'twere from a ship's hull newly wreck'd.



These, singers, of your vices are but few  
 That frighten leaders, but ne'er frighten you;  
 And cannot, since your only wish absurd  
 Is, through all, and above all, to be heard.  
 In every voice though strength so good may be,  
 Yet what's strength without elasticity?  
 See it in the far land whence our tea leaves came,—  
 The cruel shoe that makes its wearer lame!  
 As calf-skin vamps from those of iron differ,  
 So does a flowing voice from many a stiffer.  
 The strong voice that embraces other voices  
 In *forte* and *pia*—this the hearer's choice is,  
 With such to join whome'er would fit him soon,  
 With utmost care must strive to sing in tune:  
 This well attain'd, *his* voice be 't weak or strong,  
 May always help if it in tune's not wrong.

This is not all—e'en chorus may reveal  
 What all that sing unitedly should feel;  
 And when the theme is sacred, who can doubt  
 The hearts that in 't best join are hearts devout?  
 Thus he that 'neath his own sins burden faints,  
 In holy fugues may know the mirth of saints.  
 When in the voices, one by one, do pass  
 (As mowers that cut down the fragrant grass)  
 Then th' incense of their praise is not less sweet  
 Than harvest's scents that reach the city's street.  
 Then, men seem with the voices God hath given,  
 To make their praises likest those of Heaven:  
 What Roberts, Stephens, and their like, so long  
 Have deemed the truest type of Zion's song.  
 Now is the time—this is the promised hour  
 To see how Wales can feeling show with power.

Next list we to the Choirs—their judge is one  
 Who ne'er hath as a singer brightly shone,  
 Nor in his best days could sound notes chromatic  
 More than a cow could gallop up an attic;  
 But for his shrewdness to guess their desire,  
 Lo! some committee durst him dub Esquire!  
 'Gainst which I nothing say, save that 'twere well  
 To know he could, ere raised, his title spell.  
 Now, in his presence, though they fear not God,  
 Their dread they well can feign of critic's rod,  
 Which dread now answering for the game devout,  
 With proud looks mixed, they sang the chorus out.

Such fierce staccatos, such defiant swells,  
 As here were heard from beaux and frantic belles;  
 On some hearts left th' impression that their prize  
 Of all things longest will stop *them* to rise,  
 'Mongst all who use not Humbug's ears and eyes.  
 But who minds that? Behold by his five rings  
 The proud judge says, "That choir divinely sings!"  
 And to make him divine, for his kind nod,  
 Whom they had 'squired, they 'll next time make a god!  
 These singers had been trained with pains immense,  
 To foil another that had given offence;  
 And they, who once said justice ne'er was done,  
 Now nothing see but justice, for—they've won!

Another choir, forewarned all was not right,  
 Now by request most earnest come to sight;  
 And, by surprize, (in number, six times ten)  
 Strike Handel's mighty Chorus—the Amen.  
 As a majestic river flows along—  
 Then parts—then meets again in flow more strong;

Then by four mouths itself forms into a sea  
Where each its billows roll in majesty,  
Move all the parts; and still from depth to height,  
Or height to depth, up rise or glide from sight:  
Till far away on Jordan's strand  
Part after part doth reach the Holy Land,  
Where angels wait to join the earthly band.

"Now," saith the Chairman, "as they don't compete,  
I think a word from me were not unmeet:  
I'm told this choir, whose singing is so good,  
The wish of flirts to join them have withstood.  
Hence 'tis that round their leader glad we see  
All wave as branches of the self-same tree,  
'Neath the same breath of air; how good to them  
That boughs so sound cling to so sound a stem.  
Say, singers, have you ever seen the Tâf  
Mid mountain meads where it doth not yet rave?  
How pleasant 'tis to hear its murmur's tone  
As down it windeth on its journey lone;  
And, here and there, anon may ears that watch,  
Of waters growing might the warnings catch;  
Then may we ken the Tâf we lesser name,  
E'en at the deep glen's mouth, whence it first came,  
The greater Tâf accost, as, both in one,  
On polish'd pebbles show the work they've done!  
And now united do they sing their way  
From which they never more intend to stray,  
But when they can roll with them to its mouth,  
Whatever Tâf can spare to strands more south.

"But lo! as it hath past Gyfarthfa's light,  
Down rushing Morlais comes as black as night,

And mingling with that Tâf, with maniac roar,  
It cries, "I'll join you to the Channel's shore."  
And so it doth, and Tâf tries all in vain  
To be in hue or voice what 't was again.

"And so will you who can as choirs unite  
In voice, and all that's pleasing in God's sight;  
If e'er you seek bad aids to win a prize,  
Be like this Tâf, when Morlais swells its size—  
Foul, black, and ugly,—strengthen'd by a score,  
But ne'er to be the band you were before.  
Oh! while you can this eschew, promise me  
You ne'er with rakes for prize' sake will agree;  
For when such seek but gain in strains devout,  
Doth not a voice from Heav'n cry 'Turn them out?'"

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### The Essay.

"At last we've had a change," the Chairman saith;  
"And though in poetry I have much faith,  
I've more in prose for certain purposes;  
As all must have who traverse land and seas:  
Byron once called the stars heav'n's poetry;—  
I think without too great a stretch, even he  
Might too have said, poetic thoughts are stars  
That downwards, upwards, twinkle through some bars  
At early hours and late,—yet from their shelves  
They give but light that serves to shew themselves.

As for the moon—what 'wildered traveller  
Knows not how much he is in debt to her?  
Who from her borrowed light, still deigns to give  
What helps all that the sun made spring to live?  
But he that lights her and each satellite,  
In splendour far too bright for human sight,  
Comes not to shew himself, but light to shed  
On all things that on earth are reared or bred;  
And man, to see his work, must bow the head  
Or raise it, for whate'er hath hue or scent  
Is found where sunlights sheen before it went.

If light of moon or planet hath a charm  
To move our blood—'tis blood the sun made warm  
Before; and they who write our poetry—  
What are the glasses they have used to see,  
But those of prose that puts the star's light out,  
That bards may judge what they did dream about.  
How fond soe'er the Bard be of his song,  
'Twas knowledge made, e'en Shakespeare, in it strong:  
With joy behold we then how Cambria's prose  
Makes deep and rich the soil where song's crop grows.

"Now, *Lledrith*, you shall tell us—as their judge—  
What neither can impute to spite or grudge."  
"I've done," replies the Judge, "what I thought right:  
As I have judged, be I in just men's sight.  
The theme is *Husbandry*, and one, indeed,  
Which Wales, as say all tourists, doth much need;  
Three have competed—*Adam*, *Fflint*, and one  
Who signs himself the *Boa*—the race they've run  
Proves, in its length, each gazed with steady eye  
On what he thought would one day lift him high.

“As ’twas expected, each made very free  
With English Authors, yea, with heart so bold  
As *Hengist* did with British lands of old.  
Yet *Fflint* and *Adam* deigned, through what they wrote,  
By right signs t’own, in part, what they did quote.  
*Boa*, whose hand-writing I knew, all daring  
With no such signs has thiev’d with greed unsparing.  
Three times before, I’ve given this man offence  
By showing his want of honesty and sense;  
And he, three times, hath for my fruitless toil  
Shewn he’d be glad about my limbs to coil;  
And sure this monstrous name although fictitious,  
Tells me, revenge to him is still delicious;  
He knew who’d be the judge, and thought he saw,  
How this dread name would fill my heart with awe  
Too great t’expose him—and for this I’m come  
To feel this o’ergorged *Boa* with my thumb,  
And show all here, his skin is stuffed so much,  
There’s not an inch of him that merest touch  
Tells not how John Bull’s horns through it would tear  
Their way, so many authors through him stare!  
In fact there’s not a tourist we can name  
But he would swallow up as lawful game!  
Unchewed, unmasticated, undigested,  
On five good English tourists he has feasted  
Without remorse, or fear that such as I,  
Or any Welshman would the theft descry.

Maugre the terror of his ugly name  
While one so glutted must be now so tame  
As he’s unwieldly, in your sight I strangle  
The mighty reptile who would me too mangle:  
*Lledrith* is silent, and five thousand eyes

Look for th' accused—but no one there doth rise  
 To answer or confess—and too discreet  
 That moment every one was to quit seat  
 Lest he'd be deem'd the *Boa*—*Lledrith* now  
 Tow'rds the hidden serpent aims another blow:

“The prize,” said he, “shall go between the two  
 Who have confess'd to whom their thanks were due  
 For thoughts they borrow'd, and what's *Boa*'s work,  
 Should all be printed, wheresoe'er he'll lurk,  
 To show the world that all who plagiarize  
 Shall henceforth be so shewn to Cambrian eyes,  
 And English too—till all such thefts despise.”  
 Now for my prize, say, “Since the flood of Noah,  
 'Twas *Lledrith* kill'd the greediest, mightiest *Boa*.”

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## CANTO VII.

### The Discussion.

THERE is a time, 'twas said, for every thing  
 And so we've seen it ta'en by those that sing  
 And all who accompanied on wire and string;  
 Those now ungrudging can some portion spare  
 To such as feed their minds on drier fare:  
 To men of calculating skill who 'd speak  
 As to the wisdom of the things we seek.  
 Whether all that's in th' Eisteddvod said or sung,  
 For Cambria's good should be in Cambria's tongue?

A man of business now the Chairman is,  
As keen of mind as he appears of phiz,  
On his old neighbour *Gethin* doth he call  
To speak—and silence is enjoined on all.

“There’s silence granted, Sir,” saith *Gethin*, “and  
’Tis granted me to speak of Native Land.  
On one side whilst I hear the Saxon bawl—  
‘Taffy, learn English,’ hear I too the call,  
‘Keep Taffy to thy Welsh;—thy bird in hand’—  
Myself I some times question where I stand:  
If I know what they utter, such as hold  
Nought should be spoke but Welsh have also told  
All that are Welsh in blood, and not in speech,  
To bring them money only—(seat-price each)  
And not their English—else, when thither come  
Sitting or standing each must there be dumb!  
To this I’d answer, “We are grown up men,  
And if our talk be English—well, what then?  
We love our Native Land as well as you,  
And here appear to do her homage due:

But as we wish while here to keep awake,  
We’d have a share of what all ears can take.

Shall not Neath’s Rector speech it for Wales’ sake?  
“Ha! friend,” replies *Moel Mud*,” “I’m one of those  
Who cling to what they did at Neath propose.  
Yes, one of them—and dare here say, that we  
Would leave our names go to posterity,  
As champions of old Welsh—the patriots true,  
That for the tongue would die—pray, what are you?”

“A Welshman,” *Gethin* saith, “and born in Wales,  
And one that loves, as life, her hills and dales;



But was compelled, since I was very young,  
To speak and sing her praise in th' English tongue;  
And would you have me now that English spurn,  
They who cared for my rearing bade me learn?"

" We don't; but these Eisteddvods, be it known,  
Are what concern the ancient speech alone;  
The dear old Welsh, and all that's said and sung  
We are resolved to have in native tongue:  
Must they who know not English for its sake,  
'T improve themselves in Welsh, no measures take?  
In talk, in song, in sermon, or in pray'r,  
And daily see their language get more bare,  
And for its hue, or gloss, evince no care?  
Because it ne'er an English garb can wear?  
If this we did; to-day we do it not,  
But like a people tempered to their lot,  
Where they cannot use English, use the speech  
Their parents taught them, and themselves re-teach;  
The children where 'tis practicable, to this  
Have English added, as the means to bliss  
In foreign lands—though, men of sense may do  
With one speech oft more good than fools with two.

" Some fifty years ago, none made a speech  
In Welsh, save he, who in it meant to preach;  
Even in a club-room, none could things propose  
But at their task would look, as we've seen those  
Who, on a cold eve, by some river strip  
With one intent in its dark pool to dip;  
Yet, in it do no sooner put their feet  
Than they recoil and backward beat retreat,  
With shivering vow some warmer hour to meet!

Like these we've seen Welsh speakers, now we find  
As willing as they're fit to speak their mind."

Then Gethin, "As a third of Cambria speaks  
My speech, we too will have Eisteddvod Weeks:  
And as yourself, and I pay thro' the year  
For English schooling; why is this deem'd dear?  
If we can yearly throw some crowns away  
For dying Welsh; must English schools decay  
For lack of prizes? I will answer, nay;  
If thro' such means you keep th' old tongue alive,  
I'm sure like means will make the English thrive;  
And not a school will fail to hail the day  
When thro' them schoolboys shall their skill display.

"In Wales, I know, all who remain will need  
Both tongues, for both are wheels to traffic's speed;  
For that, th' Eisteddvod never should be loth  
To hold out like encouragement to both :  
If this you cannot ken; you'll see with others,  
Whole castes estranged th' Eisteddvod held as brothers;  
See rich and poor, employer and working man,  
Convert what was its blessing into a ban.

"Know, speech is made for man, not man for speech,  
And that which does most good, we should most teach;  
Long, ere was laid our Subatlantic Cable  
Saints she had banished in dark times were able  
For times to come to spread old England's speech,  
Which English lore in after times might reach,  
And did,—and thus the tongue our Sires did hate,  
For you, and me, and all opes now the gate,

Thro' which our surest passport is the tongue  
That to our Sires, of yore, but death-knells rung;  
The prejudices old, of either race,  
Must now like gorse to grass and corn give place;  
And where the buzz and thistles of rancour grew,  
Appears instead, the joy of sun and dew.

"As Britain's soil's for all that for it pay,  
Nor law, decree, nor chart stands in our way,  
To be in Englanē what we all are here,  
And speak, whene'er we choose, the tongue most dear;  
What need we more? Nought that I see but sense  
To rightly prize advantage so immense:  
And sense to see that in pavillion vast,  
Like that of Neath, four days cannot be past  
By those to whom our ancient tongue's but flumm'ry,  
As patiently as by your genuine Cymry.  
It cannot be; and yet, without such aid,  
How could the builders of such piles be paid?  
Again, I say, each tongue must have its temple,  
Or see united one again as ample  
As Neath's arise, in which, as heretofore,  
Both Welsh and English with united lore  
May prove in song, in essay, speech, and glee,  
How we, as at our homes, can there agree.

"Why see we not aright, as preachers do,  
When they may need one language—when need two?  
Or be as Paul, a Roman and a Jew,  
When this was but to Truth to prove more true?  
Are there not cases, too, where Cymro can  
Say he's not such more than he's Englishman?

Yet, what must him at all times most avail  
Is England's language—this, this, cannot fail  
Where'er he sojourns to his heart to bring  
Tidings that post as on the eagle's wing!  
And still must Wales be dear, and blest is he,  
Who in the far land finds, but two or three,  
With kindred hearts, who in old Welsh to mind  
Can call the varied scenes they left behind.

“Amid such scenes, oft o'er his dear Welsh book,  
The Cambrian poet thinks he hears the brook  
Say to itself, “I'll hie some flooding day,  
And put an end unto the salt-tide's sway:  
Yea, when 'tis neap-week, in my might I'll go,  
And follow his breakers as I should a foe,  
And bid the sea ne'er send again his tide  
And stop my journey from this mountain side.”  
“Ah!” asked the poet, “knowest thou lov'd brook,  
Thy best of fish that's ta'en with net or hook,  
But of that tide doth have such nourishment,  
As—as—as—as—As for thy mind is meant?”  
The brook doth answer in the English tongue,  
“If thou wilt in it know what's said and sung;  
Welsh poets if they choose, as we Welsh brooks  
May ever warble to their native nooks;  
But, if they once could keep the tides away,  
Their spangled shoals would soon be hid in clay;  
And as on marshy flats the tide hides me,  
So English there must hide thy tongue and thee,  
If this thou doubt—to Cardiff go and see.”

“Fine thoughts, fine words, fine flights, tho' bards may  
find  
In Welsh—they find not all that's food for mind;

Still less what's proper nutriment for him  
Who'd dress, as well as mind, his body and limb:  
Or gain with what gives mind its beauty and health  
A hold secure of what men turn to wealth.  
Who's that poor lout that aye in Courts of Law  
Stands, statue like, as one seized with lock'd jaw?  
Stands but to say what blockheads, in his stead,  
Translate that they may walk o'er Cymro's head:  
And he with knowledge, as his pride may term it,  
Where 'tis most needed, seems a stone-eyed hermit;  
Or one who doth supply with hard chewed paper  
That learned pop-gun, that doth by him caper!

“Bards, Druids, Ovates, will you weekly see  
This thing and not decide what Wales should be?  
We have a noble language, one, indeed,  
Its talkers may in one month learn to read;  
If so—how easy it were for us to spare  
Time to learn English, too; sure, as we are  
Our ears, our lips, our tongues, our organs all  
Find its right sounds to whisper, sing, or bawl.  
Say, shall our hearts not nurse a higher pride  
Than that of children, who, by the way side,  
Make mud embankments for the final fun  
Of seeing the prison'd stream from prison run?  
So groups of skillless imps that sing and play  
For groundlings' praise, end in hip, hip, hurrah!  
Though to light readings we some hours devote,  
We want the knowledge, too, on which may float  
Vessels of burden; knowledge like the sea,  
O'er which the nations seek our amity.  
This we can have but in the English tongue,  
In which our laws are writ, and old and young

May hear discussed the rights of every grade  
That toil with book, or pen, or axe, or spade,  
That vessels guide along the briny deep  
Or of the planets' speed the reckoning keep.

"Now, pause," says *Moelmud*, "what you said of courts  
Makes me impatient—scan me the reports  
Of our assizes, and when that you've done,  
Prove what we have by English converse won.  
Ah! how they strove who filled the famed Blue Books  
On us to turn John Bull's astonished looks:  
How England's Journalists with jibe on jibe,  
Each in his turn showed up the godless tribe,  
Deep wallowing in the sins that felt no shame  
So near the race that blushed those sins to blame!  
And still, in spite of facts and figures they  
Hold out our crimes all England's do outweigh:  
And hope to make us, in the end, confess  
That nought but English teaching made them less!  
Thus, Cambrian parents partial still to schools  
Hope no blocks can defy their best edged tools,  
And by such hope are made their children's fools.

"Nay, some can trust, that schools without their care,  
Can urchins keep from every thick masked snare;  
And as cheap teaching comes for roughing tools,  
One quarter more in some nice boarding schools,  
Of each apt girl that spells the word already,  
Will make ere long, 'tis hoped, a bouncing lady;  
And that *one* is, for though she can scarce write,  
Such ladies as herself she can invite  
To drink her mother's tea, and mammy's fate  
Is on her daughters and their kit to wait;

For she speaks Welsh—the daughters English all,  
As do th' invited ones that heard their call:  
All fish that from the cheap schools' brawling pool  
Have made the salmon leap to a boarding school!  
Poor Pally as a hen with brood of ducks  
Round the pond's edge doth turn with anxious clucks;  
They nothing heeding, what she'd creak or do,  
In their right element swim through and through  
The water that makes wet her sinking feet,  
Draws back not one her anxious call to meet,  
Till comes a shower of hailstones—that all brings  
To seek for shelter 'neath her outstretch'd wings.

“That over—back they go—and up goes she  
From water's brink—but weeks a few will see  
Affection's life (oft of too brief a term)  
Soon own 'twixt these, its violated germ:  
At last, while they explore 'twixt flags and sedge  
She nearer—nearer moves tow'rds bank and hedge:  
Then, as they rush to enjoy the flooded pool,  
She kicks up straw and chaff her rage to cool;  
And while her paddlers' strength of currents test,  
She on some border suns her anxious breast;  
And when the last share of her food they'd beg,  
She creaks her loud joy for a new laid egg:  
So oft doth widow mother in their teens  
Desert the flirts her softness turned to queans;  
Because she found 'twas o'er an English book  
They first dared with contempt at her to look.”

“And so 'twill always be said, Gethin, when  
Language is e'er for wisdom ta'en by men:  
Those mothers you describe, like you, would teach  
Their children, all that's good may come from speech:

Hence, 'tis the twaddle they themselves can't learn  
Their children's brains ere they can see't quite turn:  
Hence too will Welsh, when worshipp'd as a speech,  
Make fools of all that in it sing or preach.

“ You make the Welsh talk too much of itself  
With books of greatest worth to load the shelf,—  
Of mason, carpenter, or husbandman,  
Still less the navigator brave that can  
In English all the aids he needs procure,  
As can all else who need instruction sure;  
' Books,' Bacon said, ' teach not the use of books.' ”  
“ True,” answered *Moelmud*, “ nor can solemn looks  
Like yours, in naming England's modern tomes,  
Convince me of their worth in England's homes;  
Especially, when those who have them read,  
Have not the living tongue more than the dead,  
Questioned as to the facts they teach, of value;  
And when they're closed; they can at last but tell you  
That trees are trees, and shrubs are shrubs, but round  
Their homes no tree or shrub by name have found;  
And of their hues and scents, what can they say,  
Who read three hundred pages in a day?  
Talk of our Bishops—say what mitred head  
Has e'er its score per month of volumes read  
As Jenny Bookworm? Tell me, too, old friend,  
Of such mad reading what must be the end?  
So greedily her eyes devour the book,  
She finds no time at aught it names to look;  
And when she's called to supper by her mother,  
She cannot move till she has read another.  
You'll say such reading's ne'er allowed in schools:  
But there is lit the fire that never cools;



And ere a teacher can their minds confirm  
 With useful knowledge, Novels come to charm;  
 And parents, ne'er suspecting what they teach,  
 Ne'er can them keep out of their daughters' reach.  
 How many of those that praise the English Press,  
 The measure of its bad effects 'can guess?  
 How many a face whose owner once seem'd hale,  
 Have midnight vigils o'er mad books turned pale?  
 How many a Phoebe o'er her feast of soul,  
 Has interruption made with wrath to growl?  
 How many a mother caused her babe to wean,  
 That she o'er dead heroines might weep unseen?  
 How many made real beauty sacrifice,  
 That they for false might weep out their own eyes?  
 This hath your English done—what more 'twill do,  
 England's asylum best tell me and you."

"When all men know the curse of an o'er-cramm'd mind,  
 The tides of knowledge will their level find;  
 In every house well built there is a pantry,  
 And into this not every one hath entry,  
 Else dainties, which to children are so dear,  
 As soon as in it placed would disappear.  
 So parents who trust all to children, find  
 They, too, to surfeiting would cram the mind,  
 With all that's wild, voluptuous, and obscene;  
 For youth is now what youth has always been:  
 But all who for their children's schooling pay  
 Should see what 'tis they learn, what games they play—  
 Nought that corrupts, nought that is foul or lewd,  
 And nought should swallow'd be that's not well chew'd;  
 That wholesome aliment," saith Gethin, "which  
 Desire for never doth become an itch."

"All very good," cries *Moelmud*, "but who'll mind  
The flight of those a month hath so refined?  
Those to whose ears a parent's Welsh advice,  
Once given is stale—quite nauseous, offered twice?  
And who have these poor things to guard the cupboards  
From feathery things that still are pecking upwards,  
And all enjoyments talk of, in that speech,  
Their feeders know not how to learn or teach?  
Gethin—none e'er did mother tongue despise  
But parents, too, got little in their eyes:  
O! think, ye Cambrian Mothers, think of this,  
Ere worms your bosoms cherished at you hiss."

"And what," asks Gethin, "proves all that you've said?  
That both tongues may in Wales as well be dead,  
As be at the wrong times or places used;  
Or what's far worse, for not being known, abused?  
To obviate an evil so great, as right  
I'll always plead our custom to unite.  
'Tis this, and this alone, can long uphold  
The right of every parent o'er his fold.  
As in our churches, every name and sect,  
Learns to each tongue to pay the same respect:  
So on the family hearth, what's said or sung  
Must not be worse or better from the tongue.  
Learn we may each, as chance its service offers,  
But ne'er for tongue's sake praisers be nor scoffers:  
And what is this but what our Readings show,  
As have our *Eisteddvodau* long ago.  
What? that where'er we wish their uses, we,  
Where're there's need, can make two tongues agree.  
If we cannot, no remedy see I,  
But let the suicide say, when 'twill die.

Then will the Readings rapidly arise  
As 'Steddvods did in ticket, theme, and prize.  
But rather than their hist'ry have of me,  
To all that can, I'd say—'Come, hear, and see.' "

At hearing this—up bilious Talog stood,  
And from a stomach that rejected food,  
He seems determined to make trial there,  
What his harangue might do to purge the air.

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### The Readings.

"The Readings? who in these then can you find  
That e'er the right course kept t' improve the mind?  
See those who proved too lazy, proud, or dull,  
What's taught to take in full, for heart or skull;  
Who sigh'd for fame, and envied all whose speed  
In learning seem'd t' approach true merit's meed;  
Who every teacher tried, and each did leave,  
And in their hopes did all they sought deceive;  
Now, in the sight of those who taught in vain,  
E'en they advance their share of praise to gain;  
Yea, they stand up, and like rank oats that grow  
On thatch roofs, bid all eyes see, where they're now:  
Raised high above, what springs from cultured field,  
And glorying in their own spontaneous yield!

Where none as Judges weigh them in their scales,  
They'll say, as Wales lifts them, they'll lift Old Wales.  
Howe'er they did a tutor's grumblings dread,  
Despite his shoulder's shrug, and shake of head;  
Lark-like, they now in Penny Readings soar,  
And hear a host their break-neck flights encore!  
For know, the clique that turns their squeaks to pence,  
To plead their claims, out-face both truth and sense:  
Then, let them come, and with them bring those drones  
Whose grunts may be set-offs to their loved tones,  
Until their rantings mid applause and fun  
Join, blend, and mingle as doth wit and pun.

“Methinks I hear the cry of every scorner  
Of praise unseasoned in the smoke-room corner:—  
‘Come all ye gifted ones, who ne’er could shift  
To high folks to make known your vocal gifts;  
The time arrives for us, as well as readers  
Of dotted sheets, to sing, and name our leaders:  
Sing, read, rehearse, and mid the rousing thunders  
Of friends’ applause from sight keep all our blunders.  
No Judges now, my boys, stand up t’ annoy us;  
No censor’s hint can blight our effort’s joyous:—  
The Penny Readings! who fails now to see  
How these place all on an equality;  
Reader at sight or hearing, now, there are  
Room-fulls to give them equal praise to share.  
Thanks for the Readings, they have rent the walls  
That stood between us and professionals.

“Yea, thanks to them—for now where meet a score,  
From ten we’re always sure of an encore,

So loud and mighty, that on our behalf,  
None doubts, it always counts the better half.  
Science may sneer, and skill look sour at this,  
But we've the boys that best encore and hiss:  
Then as to your reporters, what know they,  
But from *encores*—things good and bad to weigh?  
We know some crows talk of their chromatics,  
As Uncle Rowland would of mathematics;  
Yet, he would say, all singers might from choice  
Sound them or not—they're seldom meant for voice:  
He never heeded them—no more will we,  
In this we and the million shall agree.

“Ye, who best know what through fools' heads can  
pass,

Say, have I shown them not in the right glass?  
Surely 'tis time for all who've music penn'd,  
Or songs arranged to see where this must end:  
If singers may be heedless of such notes  
As suit and fit not their untutor'd throats,  
What will a pianist or a harpist care  
To keep them do, but make an audience stare?  
Better at once, the artist's hand should seize  
A crowbar and wrench up those curs'd black keys  
He seem'd so proud of—what do they but tell  
Their faults, who, ere they saw them, did quite well;  
Sang with the single harp, and had encores  
That made them flattery's idols, e'en 'mongst scores?  
Now pianist these keys, the bar beneath  
Will flying send, as 't would the rotten teeth  
Of lozenge eaters; and where'er they're shown,  
What tavern singers will not gladly own  
The sacrifice you did so nobly make  
For their quack heads, and Penny Reading's sake?

"Too fast," cries Gethin, "yes, and much too hard,  
These Readings that have your so dry regard  
Have entertained, and do so, men of taste  
That ne'er thought hours they there could spare gone waste;  
Nay, some have said these Readings are so good  
They've given them treats th' Eisteddvod never could."

"Why so?" asks *Talog*, "have they ever thought  
By whom the singers that best pleased were taught?  
Was't not by thinkers, who for years and years  
Had proffer'd song and glee for Cambrian ears,  
And got their pupils by degrees to stand  
The test of criticism; till through the land  
Choir met with choir as bard had met with bard,  
And tried and learnt things deemed before too hard?  
And hard they were for them, yea, harder than  
They'd e'er acquire, had not some Cambrian man  
Felt it a shame that we, as mental food,  
Should deem too hard what Englishmen had chewed:  
Professionals will say, 'tis these alone  
Make them what they have done for Readings own;  
They have worked hard ere they'd be what they are,  
And oft are they chagrined when dunces dare,  
With scarce a guess of time, or rhythm, or tune,  
Ask them to play what they can't pitch when shewn.  
You say untaught ones in some things can please,  
And sing Welsh *Airs* with feeling, gust, and ease.  
I know they can—and so can Shenkin's wife  
Sing all he plays on single harp or fife:  
But she's not fitter with some choirs to stand  
Than are those instruments with Crawshay's band.  
What hearers would reward with coin-fill'd purse,  
Oft makes the pianist bite his nails and curse;

Yet, while these Readings last, his patience, too,  
Must last, or with him none will sound a *mew*.  
Such as have master'd languages soon show  
Their thoughts of prigs that no tongue learn or know;  
Yet, Music has its grammars like the tongues,  
And he who scouts them, every knowledge wrongs:  
For never was there taught in school or college  
What's harder to acquire than Music's knowledge.  
And all who can despise it, can despise  
As well all things that preachers in would rise:  
Tongues, arts, or sciences, or mixed or pure,  
That wigs, degrees, and fellowships insure.  
If vocal blunders be in voice o'erlook'd,  
Why not as well have raw meat mix'd with cook'd?"

"Could we," asks Gethin, "not dispense, think you,  
With instruments, as Russian Choirs all do,  
In sacred services? or as our own  
Did probably ere instruments were known?"

"And when was that?" asks *Talog*; "not before  
King David's Psalms, methinks, were seen in score?  
And he, we know it, ne'er found out his bands  
Less holy made the praise that Heaven demands;  
And Russia, for the service of her Church,  
For depth of voice doth her vast empire search:  
And voices finds that Catalini even,  
Said, makes their singing nearest that of Heaven.  
In Cambrian Choirs we've bassers by the score,  
Who in their beds far better bass could snore  
Than e'er their voices gave; then what prevents  
The aid such Choirs may find in instruments?"

The truth is this—piano, harp, and voice,  
With us make independent ease their choice:  
That *Time* with us which vocalists most dread,  
They 'll not have instruments to give instead.  
And oft those symphonies' rest—broken bars,  
Make them too, wish they served the Russian Czars,  
Rather than service render one another,  
By making the instrumentalist their brother.

“ If at Eisteddvods dread of *Time* is seen,  
What can we have from slips so raw and green,  
As grace your Readings? Ask th' accompanyst  
Why he doth not each singer more assist?  
Will he not tell you—that among them—most  
His help more dread than they 'd that of a ghost?  
And girls he 'd but assist to start the tune,  
He only helps to throw into a swoon.  
My words may make you start, but start or not,  
It was your miscalled candour this begot  
False liberality, and of this be sure,  
This itch nought but th' Eisteddvod test can cure.  
Who there wins praise shall know his faults as well,  
In Readings th' only test is th' *encore* yell;  
For skill th' Eisteddvod shows its bright broad prize,  
The Readings nought but wide oped mouths and eyes.  
The first gives younger chicks time to prepare;  
The latter tells all birds—‘ Come as you are,  
Come that your betters at you once may stare:  
Yea, twice if you deserve, and with our gaze  
Convince you whom your warblings can amaze.’ ”

To this replies tough Gethin: “ Where we meet  
Some that for learning pay would not compete;



Yet they will sing, and as the number grows  
Here—not in taprooms—each his talent shows  
To sober hearers, let him read or sing;  
Where he needs never dread a rival's sting.  
Yet I, as well as you, see that our schools  
Are the Eisteddvods; and without their rules,  
If we can't join as birds of the same feather,  
We'll see dissolved what brought us first together.  
At the Eisteddvod rank's conferred by mind,  
And choral practice scores together bind.  
We, too, may pick; but, to make up our staff,  
We must make sure of those none at can laugh,  
While they're our grain, we need not blush for chaff."

"Enough," exclaims the Chairman; "now 'tis plain  
What town and country may by both these gain.  
We all see what our ancestors ne'er saw—  
Hundreds to sight round friendship's altar draw  
To say, to sing, to hear, and to impart  
Whate'er illumines the head or cheers the heart.  
At Readings what we have most cause to dread  
Is pride, or greediness, in those who head  
So new a movement.—If they deem themselves  
To hold up gifted ones much more than shelves,  
They soon may find their most inviting calls  
Will be unanswered save by roofs and walls!

"Mind this, ye Managers, the Readings' tether  
Is your good sense to bring but those together  
As vocalists and readers, where you see  
Proper assurance mix with modesty.  
There was a time when through this Cambrian land  
No youthful songstress would, with book in hand,

Our ballads warble—such their pride or shame—  
Not for a state would one rise to her name.  
But now we have our dozens who at call  
Can rise, as at their homes, to cheer a hall;  
And though at first it did hard efforts cost,  
Their crowns of modesty they have not lost;  
Assured, but never bold, they shew at once  
How merit scorns the swagg'rer and the dunce.  
Such Wales can show, and of them feels too proud  
To wish again such gifts beneath a cloud.

“Then as it is so—in your Readings fix  
Rules by which fools shall not with wise ones mix,  
But as in the same wall do stones and bricks.  
The charge that comes from shillings down to groats,  
Or e'en of that the fourth, will not the goats  
Make it their chance to mingle with the sheep?  
For that ne'er fail to wholesome rules to keep.  
In social meetings, as religious ones,  
Good voices must make converts with their tones—  
Show that in song the proverb blent with joke  
'Can soften rocks and bend the knotted oak.'

“At times the roar of storms, and sleet and rain,  
Will burst the harper's string and stop his strain;  
But to fill up the space the burst one did  
Nor twine or whipcord can his talent bid;  
In strength, in size, in fineness, toughness, too,  
Whate'er the old string was must be the new:  
Else will it in that burst one's very place,  
But sounds emit the artist to disgrace.  
Think ye, then, that the loss of gifted ones  
In songs or readings is made up with drones?

## CAMBRIA UPON TWO STICKS.

That they whose skill had made them favourites  
Can be replaced by any vocal frights?  
That bald conceit will do in talent's stead?  
If so, your liveliest hopes will soon be dead!"

Reader! here thou dost behold  
On her sticks thy Cambria old;  
One of Oak time-proof and tough,  
Th' other Ash and lithe enough:  
And to such as dare abuse,  
Her customs, she can either use;  
Or, on occasions both;  
But let us hope whene'er she'll need  
A pruner, though her heart should bleed,  
To bear she'll ne'er show loth:  
Then her Eisteddvod and her Readings  
May ruddier show from all her bleedings,  
Despite the sland'rer's froth.



## Appendix.

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### REES PRITCHARD, THE VICAR OF LLANDOVERY.

#### *Note (a), Page 10.*

There is a traditional anecdote of a constant reader, or hearer of the *Welshman's Candle*, who, however, had begun to decline in years before he could once be prevailed upon to go and hear the service at the Church of his native parish, which was a few miles distant from his place of abode; and when, at last, he went and heard some Chapters read in the Bible, his exclamation after coming out was—"Well, well, I never thought before that the Bible had been taken from the *Welshman's Candle*!" This anecdote, though apparently descriptive enough of that book, does not perfect justice to the Vicar's poetical talents: for, though the reader sees with nearly every poem in that book marginal references to portions of the Bible for scriptural authority, yet this, in a vast number of instances, only convinces the reader at last that the parallels which on all occasions so readily offered themselves to the Vicar's mind were attributable to a sort of instinct which enabled him without the least apparent exertion to turn his minute acquaintance with Scripture to immediate use. Whatever duty he inculcated, he saw clustering before his eyes examples of the same duty, performed or omitted, from every point of the Scriptural compass.

Few teachers of children need be told what a lasting hold the verses of Doctor Watts have on their pupil's minds—"The busy bee," "Whatever brawls disturb the street," &c.;—and it has appeared to me a proof of great want of taste, or of candour, in Doctor Johnson, in his "*Lives of the Poets*," that he has not noticed this peculiar talent of Watts, whose life is one of the many which Johnson wrote. The song commencing with

" 'Tis the voice of the sluggard—I heard him complain,  
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

consists of Scriptural ideas and words versified, and many Welshmen have too readily concluded that nearly the whole of the Vicar's songs are such. This opinion is, however, a mistaken one. No one, apparently, cared less about being thought a poet than Pritchard; yet, no man could, when he wished it, express his poetical thoughts in fewer words, or with greater ease and simplicity. In this quality, and some others which should never be lost sight of, in composing a religious manual for a people like the Welsh of their own days, the Vicar and Dr. Watts were very much alike; and dear beyond all others, perhaps, have the productions of their kindred minds been to the unprejudiced millions who have read them. There are, moreover, in the *Canwyll Cymru* several short poems which evince a wonderful command of words (but without any attempt at alliteration) that shows how this gifted and good man might, perhaps, have outshone all competitors in versification: but that excellence, without which all wordy arts are worthless, he never undervalued, namely, clearness, simplicity, and brevity of expression.

As Doctor Johnson left it to the scholars and bards of future times to discover the beauties he had not discerned in the poems of Collins; and the children of coming ages to manifest, by their attachment to the divine songs of Watts, a sense of their peculiar fitness to the minds of children; so did the bards and divines of Wales leave it to the peasants of their country and those peasants'

children, to read, to learn, and rehearse the verses of the old Vicar, when the fingers of those who could best appreciate their merit had long ceased to turn the leaves of his book! And when the Catechisms that were used in its stead could not impart to youth a tithe of the Biblical knowledge which that book did.

### ADVICE TO SHUN BAD COMPANY.

YE, who than live in sin, would rather  
Love and serve your Heavenly Father;  
First of all be ye eschewers  
Of the paths of evil-doers.

Yourselves from bad companions sever  
And their ways forsake for ever;  
As did Moses Egypt's high ones,  
Lot and Abram the Chaldeans.

As rank weed the wheat o'er pow'reth,  
Acid drops the warm milk soureth,  
And as pitch thy garment soileth,  
So acquaintance bad defileth.

Shun the adder ere too nigh thee,  
Shun a plague ere it destroy thee;  
And if thou salvation seekest,  
Sinful wiles shun where they're sleekest.

Out from Sodom quickly hasten,  
And the lines that round thee fasten;  
Quit the vile, thy soul keep scatheless,  
Fly the people God finds faithless.

Whilst in Egypt Moses feasted,  
Whilst in Syria Abram rested,

## CAMBRIA UPON

God showed not himself to either  
Till far removed from pagan tether.

When Saul by Samuel kept from evil,  
He grew a saint e'en from a devil;  
When he join'd the scorner's laughter,  
The saint became a devil after.

Follow a prophet—he'll conduct thee;  
Follow a teacher—he'll instruct thee;  
Follow a saint—he'll make thee holy;  
Follow a fool—thou'lt perish foully.

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## THE RAINBOW.

THINK when 'neath that Rainbow's glory,  
Of Judgment dread and mercy's story;  
And for Heaven's cov'nant tender,  
Joyful thanks for ever render.

Its varied hues when thou wouldst number,  
That blue—that red, O! most remember.  
Show first what water floods did swallow,  
The *red*, the fiery floods that follow.

Where, without a string or arrow,  
It doth span the valleys narrow;  
Shows it not in this how blissful,  
'Tis 'tween God and man made peaceful?

*Note (b), Page 11.*

"Yea, so this mirror shewed each human deed,  
That thousands by it learnt men's hearts to read."

Whatever opinions we may have of the comparative merits of the dramatic writings of the ancients, or of the moderns, it appears to me that the model adopted by the Bard of Nant was the very best to suit his own country in the age in which he lived. By personifying, now and then, the virtues and vices, he could impart more, and often better moral instruction, than he could in a more complicated and extended Drama; or, at least, cause the most instructive parts so to approximate each other, that even the humblest labourer, or servant man, or maid that could read, could without loss of time, immediately enter into the very marrow of the piece, without wading through endless dialogues that can interest an audience but as they are performed; whereas the Interlude acted by untutored peasants, never depends so much on the skill of its actors as the more artfully constructed play; but soon brings on few dishes of the mental feast that is in it prepared, so that they whose daily meal is simple, may have food of mind which will prove as easy of digestion, as the meal that precedes or follows it.

England, as well as many other countries, has had her Interludes, some of which the Bard of Nant had probably seen; but of those which I have seen, there are not any that evince so perfect an acquaintance with the human heart as those of Thomas Edwards. Though I cannot call him the Cambrian Shakespeare, as some of my countrymen have, I believe the timber haulier, who could but with great difficulty at any time snatch an hour for reading or writing, could, if his audience had ever been capable of appreciating things in a higher style, have approached the Bard of Avon much more closely than he did, as some of his Poems prove. Yet, we ought to know that we can



never exalt the names of either Welsh bards and musicians by calling them Shakespeares and Handels.

The reader of these lines must not forget that it is the literary progress which Wales had made before my days, and is now making, is the subject of my Poem, and that the poetical quotations here presented shew what I have in the days of my youth and manhood heard rehearsed by farmers' sons, and servant-men, and maids, in every part of South Wales, when in North Wales they must have been far more generally read still.

#### DIALOGUE BETWEEN PLEASURE AND PAIN.

Pleas.—The value of Pleasure is more potent than  
Is fire or water, or the gifts of man;  
And sweeter than distilling drops,  
From honey combs to the poor heart that hopes.

Pain.—Pleasure is but a flame in th' eyes,  
That doth from fiery tempers rise;  
If e'er it gain a form complete,  
How soon 'tis trod beneath my feet.

Pleas.—Since we our arguments must measure,  
I am the potent one call'd Pleasure.

Pain.—And I that stiffneck'd creature Pain,  
Ready to prove thy strength and strain.

Pleas.—First, tell me in a friendly guise,  
Whence thy origin and rise?

Pain.—Between the trees of Paradise, one morn,  
Where Adam went to hide him, was I born.

Pleas.—Ha! then I see—give each his due—  
I am the older of the two;

Before the sire of mankind fell,  
I in his heart did warmly dwell;  
But after Sin had had its birth,  
And troubles dark o'erspread the earth,—  
With Cain I went to some far land  
To build a refuge on the sand;  
And shortly after that I join'd  
With Tubal of a kindred mind,  
Whose sledge the heated iron bent,  
The strains of music to invent;  
So I, intent to have my fill,  
Am, as I was, call'd Pleasure still;  
And as I hate the voice of Pain,  
List to the harp or fiddle's strain.

Pain.—So Saul, when fiends of yore did tease,  
From music's strain had timely ease;  
But when the lulling strain has past,  
My hold on man is sure at last.  
Deep rooted guilt and conscience' fits  
Deprived the wand'ring Cain of wits;  
And Pharaoh's strong hard-heartedness  
Was still the source of his distress:  
So man when lost to truth, thou'lt find,  
Seeks all in vain for peace of mind;  
Just as it was of yore, e'en now,  
O! many a Cain would hide his woe.

Pleas.—And in the midst of all they do,  
The pleasure that they spurn they woo;  
From woe and misery every man  
His eye averteth if he can.  
And some, thou canst not it deny,  
Live in their pleasures night and day;

Keep mirth and wassail with the string,  
And spite of care drink, dance, and sing.

Pain.—Oh! he who boasteth so his mirth  
Is ever a fiend on his own hearth;  
Whilst harp's string's sound so fills his ear,  
What can his starving wife and children cheer?

Pleas.—What sayest thou of two that lie  
In Nature's heat their love to sing?

Pain.—Till Pleasure's raptures have a finish  
In that which doth the earth replenish?  
So in the sin that doth deceive,  
Our mothers did on us conceive;  
And the curse pronounced in Adam's fall,  
Will in its time o'ertake us all.

Pleas.—Fie on thee, Care, where'er we be,  
There's no escaping here from thee.

Pain.—Farewell; but think not as I go,  
We shall not meet again—heigh, ho! (*Exit.*)

Pleas.—No easy matter, 'tis, I see,  
But for short time to part with thee.  
What man sows—waking or asleep—  
From that must he as surely reap;  
Many for mirth, and quips, and cracks,  
Must bear Old Care upon their backs;  
Nor old nor young that pleasures share,  
Escape the fangs of after-care:  
Where he his bristling front doth show,  
Old age must take his bags and go;  
The limbs of the most indolent  
He to activity has bent;

And all who would not starve, must learn  
Some trade, or traffic, or concern;  
Rather than to their dark graves creep,  
The sooty chimney some would sweep,—  
Clean streets, or to a ragged ring,  
The vilest songs or ballads sing.  
Care is, if of him truth's confest,  
A teacher surely of the best:  
None are so stiff but he can bring  
To tune as harpist doth his string;  
O! be 't my lot, since so it is,  
Thro' life to be a pupil of his.

*Enter ROUNDOL THE MISER.*

Roun.—Well, well; it is too hard—where'er I go  
Some ragged urchins still my steps pursue;  
Calling me Roundol Roundhead thro' the street,  
Till venom'd wrath my rugged heart doth split:  
But here I shall some tales relate  
Of Roundol Roundhead, if 'tis not too late.  
Of Presbyterians all of you have heard,  
And what a noise they first made for the Word;  
From the beginning to this sect my kind  
Have clung with one intent with heart and mind;  
In town or country, wheresoe'er their bent,  
With them my father, and his fathers, went;  
While life did last of Mother Church, none heard  
Them speak, or saw them what she taught regard;  
But all the Presbyterians did or said, did they  
Deem worth their notice—so do I.  
I have a most good hearted wife,  
Who clings to her own creed thro' life;

And I, indeed, must add, she 'll cling  
 To ev'ry good and profitable thing.  
 She has a quiet, soft, and winning look,  
 But ne'er was yet a prey she could not hook:  
 Give her an opportunity—no more—  
 How she 'll spin forth what addeth to our store;  
 All know how I can hunt the chance for pelf,  
 But she by far best keeps it to herself:  
 O! what a canning is there in her smile  
 When petty bargains tempt her ready wile;  
 How fairly she can speak if through her care,  
 The strong or weak may fall into her snare;  
 And O! how watchful is she night and day,  
 Lest what she grasps some chance may take away.  
     So honest is she—she strains at a gnat,  
     And ere one can perceive what she is at,  
     Swallows a camel 'mid her busy chat:  
 How few by seeing her can ever guess  
 What an adept she is in worldliness;  
 She's gone to chapel some great man to hear,  
 And soon will come with something new to cheer  
 My careworn heart—O! here she comes, I vow.

*Enter SHANE THE DEVOUT.*

Shane.—Well, Roundol, is it saunt'ring you are now?

Roun.—Yes, Shane, sit awhile and rest thyself,  
     All's well, I hope, that bringeth to our shelf.

Shane.—I saw our geese grazing away for life,  
     The grass that feeds our cattle for the knife;  
 And Jack the servant sitting in the house  
     With lazy Kate, as if she'd him his spouse.

Roun.—See now! why Shany, I 'd but just turn'd my back  
Ere these were thus run foul in carnal chat,  
Only with Jane Dalfaden gone up stairs  
To weigh a pound of wool, ere they were——.

Shane.—When you had weigh'd it, were you for it pay'd?

Roun.—O yes, d'ye think I 'd take her word, my maid?  
But who think'st thou this day would of me have  
A peck of Barley on trust; and did much crave?

Shane.—Whoe'er she was, I trust that you were not  
The fool that gave where nothing's to be got.

Roun.—Ha! I was deaf to every word, and gave  
Not e'en a ha'pworth, tho' her life 'twould save;  
I soon sent packing the old hag whose screech  
Will not again our threshold too soon reach.

Shane.—Well, who was the old Lady? I can't guess—

Roun.—Why, Hugh's of Hendrelydan's wife's in deep distress.

Shane.—A strange thing that her like should go astray  
To seek for grain with nought for it to pay.

Roun.—But what can happen better to soft ninnies  
That cannot mind their cattle, stock, or monies;  
Tho' others for 't must suffer, 'tis but right  
They should be pinch'd for't in their self-sought plight.

Shane.—If we our wealth amongst such folks divide,  
The self same troubles after us shall stride;  
Being too ready with our gain to part,  
Is the sole cause of grief to many a heart.

Roun.—O many a pride puff'd farmer have I seen,  
Who, thro' high living and fat cheeks, I ween,  
Soon had to show the leanest of the lean.

Shane.—Some person told me (yes, this very week)  
Your friend Gaeronwuog there was going to break.

Roun.—I know myself that he is going fast,  
His weakness I've perceived for some time past;  
For of me lately, he'd have bought two steers  
For ten pounds each; and almost did in tears  
Implore me 'neath a hedge to take his word,  
And give him credit, as I could afford.

Shane.—Yes, take his word—and who does not perceive  
What comes of him who would such things believe?  
Farmers and cattle drovers, now-a-days  
Play the same pranks, and follow the same ways.

Roun.—The cattle drovers, O! the devil's in them,  
The gallows soon, I hope, will end their shame;  
By treating men so desperate in their tricks,  
O, who can say how many a Welshman breaks?  
A miscreant drover when he breaks, at once  
Lets unpaid thousands what he dares announce;  
And then with brazen front tells all around  
They should be thankful that he can compound.  
If once they get the plate, depend on it,  
'Tis but an opportunity to split:  
Bankrupts they'll be, and after all their sound,  
Think 't much to pay five shillings in the pound.

Shane.—Well, tell me Roundol in so short a time,  
How can they lose so much—methinks this crime

In England is too common; say how else  
Do they who visit her thus shock old Wales?

**Roun.**—Yes, yes, in England he does much acquire  
He'd never learn beside his kitchen fire:  
At home his whoredom and his drunkenness  
Were what he might with less of shame confess;  
When our Welsh drovers once reach English ground  
No tongue can tell what tricks they play around:  
When once they've found the way to Irish banks,  
What language can describe their crazy pranks?  
Along the road with each a pave nymph fair,  
Who can imagine how tongue free they are?  
Drinking and treating till the nymphs they kiss  
Disburden them of what they would first miss:  
To Play, and Show, and Lottery, blindly drunk,  
They go t' exhibit too their Cambrian s——;  
Then, who' would marvel should there every week  
The news arrive that madmen like these break?  
In Inns and Taverns they must have the best,  
And make their country pay; and for their jest  
Use them for whom they once most love profest.

**Shane.**—Oh! after rearing calves with one's own hands,  
What pity 'tis these fair and market brands  
Should take them hence, and sell them, Lord knows  
where,  
And make us victims with the beasts we rear!

**Roun.**—It teaches us to place our confidence  
In thieves, who only live on bold pretence;  
All they possess to set up their bad trade  
Is a little English, and a coat well made;



**A pair of boots, and spurs, and a hot nag,  
A cape and buckle, give a daring wag;  
A whip to crack, and see if he won't crack  
Through town and village till he cracks his back!**

Shane.—O dear, these Drovers, and mad Jockeys fell,  
Of thieves, must be the worst and nearest hell;  
If you had heard that preacher, how he did  
Describe what gulf the human heart can hide.

Roun.—O yes; I once did mean to ask thee where  
He took his text?

**Shane.** —                      Why, it is there,  
Where Charity is shown in hues so fair.

Roun.—I like the words, they tell us all how good  
It is to love those of our brotherhood;  
But, then, to love each shabby thing call'd man  
Is more than I'll e'er wish—more than I can.  
The poor who nothing have to wear,  
Say, who can love, or who can bear?  
Or one of that loose crawling crew  
That beg about as many do?

Shane. — When Pride is gone so common thro' the land,  
What wonder is 't that beggars on each hand  
So multiply—the fashions of the day,  
E'en like these beggars too, do multiply:  
When I was last at home, how can I say,  
What sights disgusting saw I in the way,  
From hip to head what figures wild and vain  
Girls make themselves men's notice to obtain.  
Their laces, wirecapes, gaudy bands and hooks  
Gave them methought e'en worse than dev'lish looks;

And who'd believe it, on their rump they wear  
Thick bustles to supply what's wanting there.

Roun.—*Shane*, did you notice well last Friday night  
The staring buckles that adorn'd the wight  
John Sadler, and the swags thro' all the town for shame  
Will quickly try, if they can get the same.

Shane.—Is it no wonder then, that we are told  
Affliction has so many in its hold?  
Pride, pride, it is that holds them up to show,  
Bends them again, what else, so very low?

Roun.—Aye, aye, and many more 'twill lead again,  
Who dread not till too late his after-pain,  
When we can say, that Trouble is no more—  
They must be puried that so wish to soar.

Shane.—Then, let us thank ourselves, that we are not  
Of those who slackly keep what they have got;  
We'll keep out trouble while our care can grasp,  
Let those who don't for their own folly gasp.  
Now, that we are well off, O let us pray—  
For pray'r may help with sunshine to make hay. *Exit.*

Roun.—Too soon, too soon—let me first loose the team  
I left i' the field when thee to meet I came:  
Well, who e'er saw one like this *Shane*, thro' all  
To mind what doth concern her soul?  
To sing and read she fairly can hold out  
More than them all, and then she looks about;  
Too much some labour, I believe,  
To keep religion's spark alive:  
I like religion very well indeed,  
But not the trouble to maintain a creed;

To curse and swear is bad I must confess,  
Good to avoid, as well as drunkenness.  
To be both sad and honest too, may be  
To one's advantage, as we daily see:  
Some name is better than no name at all,  
In this enlighten'd age; if we but bawl  
*Dear me! O wonderful!* and nothing more,  
It adds to good opinion and one's store;  
Now could I find upon my heart to sing  
A song about myself, and in it bring  
Some proof of my religion—what doth suit  
A man whose love of money is the root.

*Enter MR. LIGHT OF NATURE,*

Light.—To me 'twould give no small delight  
To understand what you recite.

Prov.—Pray, who art thou, and what's thy name?

Light.—The Light of Nature venerable Dame,  
According to my heart's wish I've been rear'd,  
And of all knowledge, the best things acquired,  
Till with all learning I was so replete  
As he who sat at great Gamaliel's feet;  
And still my study join'd to common sense  
Can't scrutinize the ways of Providence;  
Whatever knowledge falls to man,  
'Tis all in vain her ways to scan.

Prov.—Not Nature's Light can ever justly scan  
The things of God, in every age must man,  
Like Nicodemus, sadly err if he  
By reason's light would find out God's decree;

Man must be stript of self and pride,  
Leave carnal views and wiles aside;  
Die to the flesh and live to God below  
Ere he the purpose of his God can know.

**Light.**—This is too hard—too hard for Nature's Light  
If nothing else can make us see aright.

**Prov.**—To Providence was the high purpose known  
That rescued Lot from the devoted town;  
That bade old Noah six score years before  
The flood, prepare the ark its waters bore.

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*Note (c), Page 15.*

“Is he who Iolo-like can weave his lay.”

Iolo published (by subscription, I believe) two volumes of English Poetry. I never was owner of one of them, but from that which had been lent me I got the song “Break of Day” by heart; and when I wrote songs to the Air of that name, it was Iolo’s measure I followed. When the measure chosen by any poet that may have preceded me, answers well to that of the Air, I think it very wrong in me or any one to try to change it; but, in too many instances, it has been done in Wales, only in the hope of thus causing the elder to be forgotten and neglected, for sometimes the newer adaptation is by far the worse.

To where yon lofty mountain  
Ascends with easy swell,  
Whence many a crystal fountain  
Runs purling down the dell.  
Whilst from yon East the morning  
Calls forth its purple charms;

From foreign shores returning,  
I fly to Sally's arms.  
Through midnight's gloomy shadows  
I force'd my labour'd way;  
With eager haste,  
O'er wild and waste,—  
A foe to long delay:  
Now joyful in the meadows,  
Where smiles the lovely May,  
With choral song  
The pinion'd throng  
Proclaim the Break of Day.

The blackbird's mellow chanting  
Would fain detain my feet,  
But where my Sally's wanting  
No bliss can be complete.  
Ye flow'rets of the valley  
My sighs are not for you;  
I'm hast'ning to my Sally,  
And bid your sweets adieu.  
No pleasures from my fairest  
Can lead my thoughts astray,—  
The enamell'd ground,  
The groves around,  
Enrob'd in Spring's array:  
I'm hast'ning to my dearest,  
Then Grief thou must away:  
When Love supplies  
From her sweet eyes,  
My brighter Break of Day.—LOLO.

*Note (d), page 17.*

"Whoe'er can read *Cyfrinach y Beirdd*, well knows  
How learned in their poetry and prose  
Were Gwalla's authors."

Many years ago, Gwilym Morganwg (who was a very ingenious man) told me that he saw much resemblance, and even affinity between the perfect and imperfect chords that constituted musical harmony and what constituted the poetical harmony of Welsh Bardism. I then thought little of what he said, for two reasons, one of which was, that what then appeared among us in the alliterative style, very soon surfeited the reader; another reason was, that I knew very little of alliteration. But in the course of years I felt more and more ashamed of my prejudice, as I became more convinced how hastily my notions had been formed: and as my eyes were opened from time to time, the more mortified I felt, at the proofs I met in their own bungling attempts at alliteration, that some of the best English poets had fancied, like myself, that they had seen and heard all that was in them, when they had not. In that most exquisite Drama of Shakespeare's—"Midsummer Night's Dream"—there are alliterative lines, evidently meant to make the monstrous verses of *Pyramus* still more so through the alliteration:—

"O fates, come, come;  
Cut thread and thrum."

Again—

"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd," &c.

And—

"Ay, that left pap, where heart did hop."

Now these attempts at alliteration are like the most flimsy ones of our poetical Welsh tyros, which give adepts in the art as much fun as these English ones would; or, in other words, as a piece of music consisting entirely of the commonest of common chords would give a musician who could modulate through all the

chords—consonances and dissonances. Here follows what, years ago, I did, for mere amusement, translate from "*Cyfrinach y Beirdd*." It will, at least, serve to prove, that notwithstanding the shallowness of our present tests in initiating, our ancient poets had what deserved the name of RHETORIC.

"In the song or poem, all the parts should have a mutual and co-operative bearing or tendency; so that no confusion may arise from discordant impulses or purposes; and with this there should be a just division of the things imagined, so that each may occupy its just and appropriate position according to its relative importance. Hence must arise the coherency and coefficient of the thoughts employed, when each, however clear and striking in itself, perfects the collective aim and design of the whole, so that the reciter and hearer may easily enter into the purpose of the author, and his motives in composing. If the poem possess not these inherent qualities, it does not proceed from that true genius which is the gift of God.

"That the thing invented may be complete, there should be a just, free, and thorough study of the same, and the comprehension of it must be forcible and instantaneous, casting a look at every part, so that each member of it may be symmetrically and perfectly incorporated; and that nothing attach itself to it, nor mix with it, that may not easily and justly unite with other parts. To this end it should not embrace too many purposes, nor be superfluously loaded with matter; nor diverge too much in its original purpose and object. Genius and understanding should possess power to grasp the entire substance of the thing meditated, and cast a searching and embracing view on every part of the theme, and bind and incorporate them into one substantial form bearing definite lineaments; and if this cannot be done, it may be likened to a man standing on the summit of a hill, looking before him and seeing every object in that direction; but in order to have a view likewise of what is behind, being obliged to turn

his back on what he first beheld, and through that losing sight of it, and consequently he beholds now but what is in all respects different.

“Imagination and invention may in their creations surpass that which does exist of necessity and accident, in this sense: Invention is so called because of her power to create things whose existence depend on the particular turn of one’s genius or bent, inasmuch as they do not exist from necessity; or any premeditation, as when a poet should sing of the beauty of Summer, he would describe what is fair, and pleasing, and soothing; yet, connected with Summer are many objects coarse, odious, disgusting, repulsive, as the sights of many reptiles, rough and stormy weather, the shrill cries of birds of prey, keen sufferings from the bites of adders, the pricking of thorns and nettles: but the poet should delineate what is soft, fair, and bliss-giving, such as the fine weather, clear sky, flowery ground, and mellifluously toned birds, &c.”

#### THE BENIGHTED TIPLER’S SOLILOQUY IN THE FOREST.

How far thou gloomy forest  
Must I rove, ere misty rest  
Draw low my hollow eyelid  
As I move these wilds amid?  
Thro’ stony and wormy ways,  
I roll and not o’er railways;—  
In time who can to my home  
In milky tone me welcome?  
Yea, me, me, whose spree has spread  
Wild fire thro’ my bald forehead!  
I cannot mark thro’ darkness  
Where to go, or at a guess



One step dare without stopping  
From its strain the brain to bring:  
Pale wand'rer here keep blund'ring—  
The owl for thy soul shall sing  
A requiem, when thou'lt reck it,—  
From wish perish in a pit.

Thou rack whose aspect rocky  
In bliss keeps the dark blue sky;  
May I crave one dim crevice,  
'Tis a pray'r shall be its price—  
One crevice—let me crave it,  
A mew's place, one ray may split,  
To lighten a drunken drone  
His beer-bout makes a bare-bone.

O happy change—it opens  
Sudden light, gladdens the glens:  
Still wider and brighter breaks  
Radiance from heav'n for head-aches:  
Bide thou moon and thy radiance  
Ere *nox* part o'er one expanse.

Hail! moon how soon can thy sight  
Pluck madness from black midnight?  
How soon she saith a sinner  
Of my trist hue may trust her!  
In rough roads and terrific,  
As a stone no more I stick.  
No more in quagmires miry  
Do I stamp the body's sty:  
Thanks, O thanks! green banks grown big  
No more imprison *Meyrig*!  
Yon hedges are pledges plain,  
Oh! impious one, of champaign.

Now my head, all thou madest  
So rough hints of mossy rest:  
'Mid all here, no fear of fate  
Mindeth a goblin's mandate;  
Though my wife, for life half lost  
Rate me, yes, at her utmost:  
Determin'd not to harm her;  
Due of faith I'll not defer:  
My rib, Bet, and more pottage  
Hire me to my hermitage?

Here I have been presumptuous enough to endeavour to give the Englishman in his own tongue, an example of Welsh alliteration, not without feeling how ill adapted it is to this very peculiar style of blending words. It will not fail to convince every English poet who is open to conviction, that nothing attempted in his language has ever given an adequate idea of the ingenuity of those Welsh metres, in which every rhyming sound must be so strictly conformable to the rules of our poetical canons, as are concords and discords to the rules of harmony.

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*Note (c), Page 19.*

*"Flock for their first degree in Bardic College."*

I have heard Myfyr Morganwg observe, when Mr. Oliver of Pontypridd, some years ago, had his degree of the former, that his acquirements at College, as well as Mr. Emlyn Jones's, had qualified them to become candidates for Bardic honours. This sensible acknowledgement (as I thought it then) was equivalent to an admission that the Bardic test ought to be similar, with regard to its periodical recurrence, as well as to its requirements of

scientific progressiveness, to that adopted at our greatest schools and colleges: for, where the examination is not according to recognised gradations, the acquirements of the Bardic pupil will have neither connectiveness nor order.

What would really enlightened scholars (whether self-taught or school-taught) deem the author of a poem in which Gwilym Morganwg had been called a Newton in Mathematics, and a Handel in Music? On one occasion I had to adjudicate on an Elegy on the death of a *Pendarren Cashier*: one of the competing bards had fervently expressed a hope that Gabriel would grant him a pen from one of his wings for the mighty task that awaited him. Such ridiculous bombast I condemned without hesitation; and lo! the following week the mortified competitor had his printed Elegy fixed up in Argus's window, as a proof to the public of Merthyr of the injustice of IeuanDdu's adjudication. Did not this man need some teaching that could enable him, before he should compete, to distinguish the difference between the sublime and the ludicrous?

*Note (f), Page 19.*

"Stand two (as I have seen *Cawrdaf* and *Dick Jones*.)"

Poor and pennyless as Richard Jones (*Rhydderch Gwynedd*) almost always was, he had the tact and resolution through all to preserve his bardic authority, and to give his teaching of bardic rules as much weight and value as ever a Diogenes had that of his useless philosophy. Here I may venture an assertion, which to many will appear very paradoxical; if it be granted that *fortune* may imply the attainment of that name, or respect, or position which may for years have been as great an object of pursuit as money or might with those who become wealthy; Diogenes may

he said to have watched and taken the right tide as well as Alexander the Great; and if this is true of Diogenes, why is it not equally so of Dick Jones. Had the eccentric philosopher only slept in his tub when his penury had closed every door against him, and gone when he had money given him to seek better lodgings, his name would not have been handed down to us; or had he accepted Alexander's kind offer to assist him, his name would only be as a button in that warrior's armour, and not as a proud cynic's who preferred a sun-gleam to a conqueror's dazzling presence. Had Richard Jones, too, after he had dined in the mine work on a crust, and carried hence with him for transcription *Englynion* which he had scratched on little slabs of shale, once appeared to despise a perseverance that had proved so fruitless; or had his ill success as a competitor, caused him once to slight the muse, or condemn the complex metrical frivolities which had caused such a consumption of time, he would have become despicable in his poverty; but this he did not, and would not, though a Guest had told him to do so. Hence was he honoured not only among the poets, but also among the Druids, in whose fraternity he became a dignitary of the purple robe. It is true that this cold and stubborn ascetic could some times flatter and even fawn to men of influence: it is true that there were some such whom he could follow and cling to as a hedgehog to a cow's udder; but it is equally true, that he heeded neither talent, wealth, nor influence when it could not be made subservient to *Cymreigyddiaeth*, which, to him, was morality, religion, and politics—in a word, every thing.

Hence it was, that when Caradoc happened to visit Merthyr, Richard Jones would announce the event to bards, vocalists, and the Literati generally, as if he had published summer to the Laplanders; and whenever a monied man could be prevailed upon to become chairman at a bardic meeting, he was sure to have to feel the cold clasp of Richard's hand as he was there. When Cawr-

daf came to Merthyr in the capacity of Editor of a Welsh Paper, the Twyn yr Odyn bard, be it remembered, forgot not the homage due to a *Bardd Cadeiriol*; and though acknowledged by his own pupils a luminary; during Cawrdaf's stay at Merthyr, he was content to be known as his satellite. There have been men in the world who have laughed at themselves, these, perhaps, are the really great, as a Socrates might have been; but I believe neither of these bards had ever been guilty of that. From this narrative let others judge.

When the French Count, who visited one of the Abergavenny Eisteddvoda, so gratified the vast audience with Britoon rehearsals wished to be initiated into some order of Bardism; it may be recollected that Ab Iolo expressed certain scruples that seemed to defeat this wish. Cawrdaf and Richard, however, either voluntarily or by persuasion, came to offer their professional services, and it was determined that the Count should receive his degree from them. On the day following the Eisteddvod, and on the very platform where it had been held, a circle of stones was formed, and in the sight of some scores of excited spectators, Cawrdaf and Richard Jones, in borrowed robes, entered the circle; and while they were in very solemn whispers consulting each other, the noble candidate stood outside the circle, waiting for a sign. At last, Cawrdaf, in as ghost-like a tone as he could make, admonished the stranger in Welsh of the inviolable obligation which he was then about to enter, to foster Welsh poetry and honour its institutions; then, after twice walking round the circle, Richard is again consulted, as prompter, as to what is to be done and said next; the satellite enlightens his primary again, and as soon as the whispered instructions are repeated, the candidate is allowed to enter, and words and looks yet more solemn, with the presentation of the inverted sword, complete the initiation.

Now the capping absurdity of this affair was, that Richard

never was, nor pretended to be, of any order of Druids, save that which is recognised by our Druidical clubs; whereas Ab Iolo would never acknowledge that sort of Druidism to have any affinity with the Druidism he professed! The public, however, felt no interest in the issue of this matter, and the disciples of bardism, though worshippers of that goddess, deemed this of no greater importance than would a heathen the proof that some image he had bent to was not of oak or cedar wood. What they revered was still preserved in its integrity, and Richard Jones was as much their oracle as ever. At last, however, the society whose bard elect he was, happened to entertain too high an opinion of its own magnanimity. Each and every member of it believed that they could maintain year after year a friendly competition among themselves, by which they might render their poetical exercises more profitable, and *that* they resolved to do, even when they wrote for the prizes which other societies offered to the country at large. What they did with others, might have taught them that they could not very safely trust each other; but *on* they went till time discovered them more of each others dispositions, than was compatible with the well-being of the society, till by degrees bards and poets began to discern how they might be individually benefitted elsewhere. One sang the birth of a wealthy heir, (which I translated for him), and had a situation for it; another turned to business his Cymreigyddiaeth; and a third as well as a fourth and fifth forgot their nights of meeting, till the bard had again become nearly as obscure as he had been for the years which had preceded the establishment of his school; but his good hearted pupils forgot him not, for even in his last days, one, if not more of them comforted and fed him often: and to the praise of Mr. Jonathan Reynolds, it must be owned that old Richard\* was not the only Cymreigydd that occasionally made his house an asylum.

\* Richard Jones was a native of Trawsfynydd, Merionethshire.

*Note (g), Page 19.*

"Iolo, the author of a thousand hymns."

These are entitled "*Salmau yr Eglwys yn yr Anialwch*," and of them Daniel Ddu of Ceredigion said, that they ought to be printed in letters of gold.

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*Note (h), Page 21.*

"At one place two harps played, and there a youth  
A silver harp did win as prize."

This youth was W. Williams of Carmarthen, afterwards of Swansea. He was a pupil of Williams of Tregŷb, one of the best harpists that North Wales could ever boast, and was best known in his youth by the appellation, *Wil o'r Morfa*, as a correspondent of the "*Cerddor Cymreig*" informs us. When I was about sixteen years old I heard this blind harpist's playing at Glân Brân (the mansion of Colonel Gwynne), and thought it magnificent. This noble-minded old man was of a noble stature as well, and had a venerable aspect even when he sat at his instrument, whose strings he swept as a shepherd's hand would the dew drops off the birchen twigs that playfully interrupt his search for his stray lambs. My friend Mr. John Price, of Gyfartha, to whose retentive memory I am indebted for so many Dyfed Tunes, for my *Cambrian Minstrel*, knew this celebrated Harper of Tregŷb personally; and he has to me, many a time, most affectionately related the manner of his death.

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*Note (i), Page 19.*

"Now, tell me why a Myddleton's caprice."

Captain William Myddleton was so attached to the old alliter-

ative metres, that he even turned the Psalms of David into them; but I never heard of an attempt being made to sing them; yet, it cannot be doubted that in the North Walian style, they might have been chanted with much effect by such as are adepts in this style, but not by a congregation.

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### The Luckless Ninety-three.

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Tell me, ye luckless ninety-three,  
Who tried your skill in poetry;  
In this hot summer, was it ye  
    (If fair my question)  
Or Critic Yates could nothing see  
    From Indigestion?

With joyous hum from many a hive,  
Ye came for bardic prize to strive  
In vain—all that reach'd home alive—  
    Don't curse the Muse—  
For thus did she a Pindar drive  
    Off to the Blues.

I, at the age of *seventy-two*,  
Now seldom dare the Muses woo;  
But when I heard so many of you  
    To shame had rush'd,  
I can't deny it—Ieuan too  
    For Cambria blush'd.



Yes, when I heard, how Critic Yates,  
 Who of Fame's Temple keeps some gates,  
 Had shut you *all* out—by the Fates,  
     It made me wish'  
 Each that strove for this, bait of baits,  
     Had been a fish.

How could you think you'd stand the look  
 Of one who ne'er puts pruning hook  
 Out of his hand? How ever brook  
     His censure sweeping,  
 That sent you all, by hook or crook,  
     To Bedlam's keeping?

Now with all Wales t'have dealings fair,  
 Show who, and where, and what you are,  
 And at your verse, let all men stare  
     Till 'neath their starings  
 You seem, if not the stars t' outglare  
     You do Welsh herrings.

*Talkaiarn, Ceiriog, Derfel*, too,  
 And *Llwyfe*, none believes that you  
 Were huddled 'mid this luckless crew,  
     Whose wasted ink  
 Could cause them in all England's view  
     Thus low to sink!

Friend Reynolds, let me, as thy friend,  
 Hope thou didst not a stanza send  
 'Mid such a heap—nor blame, nor mend;  
     Else all our wicks  
 Won't save us from being deem'd in th' end,  
     All *Lunatics*!

But come, cheer up! though 't may be long  
Ere Wales may shine in English song;  
We know how Pope has, though so strong,  
    Been kitten's victim,  
After the million'th critic's tongue  
    Had smoothly lick'd him.

To judge so many—'twas no joke—  
What critic would it not provoke,  
With Caligula's wish'd for stroke  
    (In anger dreadless)  
Make all that did the Muse invoke  
    Before him headless?

Some can't believe, and others can,  
That 'mongst so many, not a man  
Could write what Judges strict might scan,  
    And o'er their coffee,  
Ejaculate, "This is a man,  
    Although a Taffy."

Whoe'er is wroth, when e'er we think  
What waste was here of brains and ink;  
Who will not say, "If Yates did wink  
    At guarded gates,  
'Twas 'neath his job's weight he did sink,  
    Alas! poor Yates!

England has many models had  
Of bards all good—who grew all bad:—  
*Pope, Dryden, White, and Cowper* sad;  
    How she'd them dandle!  
Then all, in turn, with Zounds! *Egad!*  
    Most rudely handle.

Adieu! ye luckless ninety-three,  
No more of praise or blame from me;  
At times, e'en critics to be free  
    Must too be raspish,  
Not one of them was not a bee,  
    Ere he got waspish.

Whoe'er feels sore from critic's clutch,  
Let him not think of it o'er much:  
England well-knows we are not such  
    Tall prigs as once she had;  
Worthy of Pope or Byron's touch  
    In a third Dunciad.\*

\* Here I consider Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, as the second Dunciad as Pope's was the first.



# Harry Vaughan.

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## CANTO I.

O Poesy, what but thy *hocus pocus*  
Can gather rays from old and modern lore,  
Till meeting in a stanza's glowing focus  
They burn their way e'en through the miser's core?  
Or like a Wil-o'-the-wisp at night provoke us,  
Its light to follow far, o'er fen and moor,  
Till in a bog we lose th' alluring flame,  
And know not which, ourselves or it to blame?

Philosophy its daylight may diffuse  
O'er pages more than I have time to reckon;  
But poesy knows how that light to use,  
And bring its rays to bear on hearts 'twould quicken;  
And tho' true Hist'ry can, when it doth choose,  
Show facts like coal veins, thro' a surface broken;  
'Tis poesy only can, at man's desire,  
From the hard masses found light up a fire.

Britain has had, and has, in numbers now,  
 Bards whose renown may last e'en as her warriors',  
 Or possibly, much longer, for, I trow,  
 Just as your lapdogs have supplanted terriers,  
 Musicians, bards, and painters, in a row,  
 Work out of favour th' art of raising barriers;  
 And breaking them, but for the bloody fun  
 Of melting names ten thousand into one.

But e'en dread war seems but a sister art  
 Of what can't please, but as it well describes it;  
 And ev'ry art will find it hard to part  
 With that destructive one which daily bribes it;  
 If one would prove the kindness of his heart,  
 What spreads his fame like the hard deed that jibes it?  
 Hence bards, like lawyers, oft lament the times  
 That test not their great talents by their crimes.

Yet, there are songs, and England such can boast;  
 Which, borrowing not their gust from horrid strife,  
 (Or, as an adjunct treating war at most)  
 To better things impart poetic life:  
 And tho' we in them sometimes see a host  
 Transact th' heroic deeds for which 'tis rife:  
 Yet, quite as interesting have they made  
 Deeds whose performance own'd nor bow nor blade.

As flows a stream by forest, spire, and dome,  
 And on its pebbles warbles here and there,  
 And never chafes, or foams, for want of room,  
 But all reflects that near it grow or bear,  
 Is Chaucer's song;—without enough of gloom  
 To make an infant shun it any where—

Pity that any language can grow old,  
In which a tale so sweet as his was told.

And is not Spenser one you'd think that slept  
On golden islets in a sky-blue sea,  
When winds were hush'd and heav'n its manna wept,  
And moon-beam phantoms kept their revelry;  
Nay, would' your heart not vow that poet kept  
The steeds of Mab beneath some blooming tree,  
Whose golden fruit, he ever and anon,  
Ate while his lay of Fairy Queen was spun?

He is original, and so is Milton,  
Tho' all the lore of ancient times was his;  
And the foundation marvellous he built on  
Made him materials from all nature seize;  
From earth, and air, and volumes deep he dwelt on  
In meditation; from rocks, caves, and seas,  
And every art and science which the wise  
Of his, and every former age, did prize.

Yet, when he sets all heav'n and hell at strife,  
O never do we lose his charming voice,  
Which thro' embattled hosts, for conflict rise,  
Doth waft us like a breeze perfum'd with spice;  
And when the flash of swords gives horrid life  
To conflict hell would not engage in twice,  
The crash of battle sounds so from his lyre,  
E'en they who fought to touch it might aspire.

And do not ethics and philosophy  
From him proceed as from the strings of lute?  
And knotty dogmas of theology  
Taste in his page as sweet as Eden's fruit?

And when his eye revolves with orbs on high,  
E'en like those spheres we hear with wonder mute;  
His words roll too, till from their fair confusion,  
Order is seen to rise thro' Milton's Vision.

Young too is great, so very great indeed,  
That oft we wish he knew how to be less;  
Or, that his soul from big thoughts were so free'd  
As not to make his song seem his distress:  
Amid ideas so huge, e'en we that read  
Must feel how labour'd he; and too well guess  
How long his soul sat brooding o'er th' abyss  
That nought should gladden with one ray of bliss.

Ambitious greatness is but littleness,  
And love of gloomy thoughts half owns that he  
Who lives and dwells amid their dreariness  
Is but a hermit in his poesy.  
When bards with horrors play, as with their dress,  
Like jugglers, eating fire, they seem to me,  
Who 'mid their flames of red, and white, and blue  
Merely exhibit what such men can do.

But GOD forbid that ever hints of mine  
Should bate one jot of that deep reverence  
In which is held, O Young, that song of thine  
Call'd the Night Thoughts; for lofty words and sense  
There o'er an erring world so grandly shine,  
And sometime burn with radiance so intense,  
That when it shews the path that sinners tread,  
It seems a voice that might awake the dead.

And what say you of Goldsmith? What but this?  
That of all bards the "milk of human kindness"

Does most seem his, unless that stream of bliss  
Be Shakespeare's more; for what indeed but blindness  
Would say his Muse, when sang he, did not kiss  
The dew from Nature's locks? for ne'er was wind'ness  
In his live lay mista'en for Nature's breath:  
In her his Muse found life, and from her death.

And what say you of me, who, all this while,  
Instead of bringing my young hero forth,  
Keep prating thus of poets and their style,  
As if my own depended on the worth  
I saw in them? 'Tis time he fill'd that file,  
Some men would quote in pref'rence to his birth  
In proof of merit; then let me commence  
With Harry in his state of innocence.

That is, comparatively such, when he  
Was seen with shining face going up the steps  
Of high Parnassus, and the poetry  
Of ancient bards was placed to test his leaps:  
As erst in Paradise, high is the tree,  
O'er whose green boughs the fruit of knowledge peeps;  
But time adds step to step to bring still lower  
The knowledge which a Bacon said was power.

What we may not call science now, was high  
To tyros such as Adam and his consort,  
And might have naturally caused a sigh  
From them whose science could be but of one sort;  
Yet if we hope all knowledge to espy  
In schools, for such an error we shall answer 't,  
And find ourselves, whate'er our pride believe,  
In some things simpler than our Mother Eve!



His father did intend that Harry should  
Some time see Oxford's University;  
But now his prospects are beneath a cloud,  
And Lady Vaughan's attested piety  
Did so much dread th' example of that crowd  
Which go for learning to find revelry,  
Her pray'r both night and day was that her son  
Might end his schooling where he had begun.

That was in Wales, and now this son we see  
Pursued his studies at Carmarthen town:  
A place that once could boast, saith history,  
A prophet whose great name's in part her own;—  
A castle proud which kept the *Llyfr Du*,  
A corporation stiff as the Mayor's gown;  
A little trade which at that time was growing,  
And civic records some may deem worth knowing.

O'er Towy stands this town of ancient fame,  
To ken her walls reflected mass on mass,  
And there the river, hitherto more tame,  
Its pleasures gently lisps as it doth pass:  
And though the tides there mingle with the same,  
Till acres scores are hid of meadow grass;  
High raised o'er fresh and salt—as from a throne—  
This town sees both reflect her ivy'd zone.

At night, too, when the flats are hid with fog,  
And cold malarial doth from marshes rise,  
This town is safe; tho' long ago a bog  
That benefit of site did neutralize:  
And whilst its willows, crowning many a log,  
A sight afforded that might please most eyes:

new in these good old times possess the sense  
To think it hid a lurking pestilence.

Her style of building shows how gradually  
She copies that of English uniform;  
And in her people's costume, one may see,  
While some are gay, some wish but to keep warm:  
And, side by side, long spared antiquity  
And modern foppery seem as even in arm,  
To tell old Time, that, as they so agree,  
They feel small haste for uniformity.

O'er Towy, too, a bridge of seven arches,  
And parapet, improved by light of gas,  
As small concern shows as to how time marches  
While Towy's floods and tides beneath it pass:  
This with a quay more modern, like the Churches,  
In harmless contrast, did not fail, alas!  
'Gainst her to kindle all the wrath of Foster,\*  
Whate'er th' old town might say her walls had cost her

Nor could the Monument she rear'd to Picton  
More please him than aught else the Saxon saw;  
In fact whate'er, or old or new, he look'd on,  
He scoff'd and peck'd at like an angry daw:  
Still, reader, rather than in verse convict one  
Whose prejudices made him feel so raw—  
I'd tell thee, go and prove how minds unbias'd  
From this town's views may drink delight the highest.

A lofty hill protects her from the gale  
That tender folks most dread, *that* of the North;

\* Reporter for the *Times* in the days of Rebeccaism.

While the mild West, which invalids inhale,  
Has free access to prove its healing worth;  
And to the East, the far, far, winding Vale,  
With all her woods, hills, castles, and so forth,  
Fill'd with the glories of the rising sun  
A prospect yields, e'en Gods would look upon.

Around the shell of her old castle, like  
White doves that shelter 'neath the raven's wings,  
Look modern dwellings, and the same must strike  
Us forcibly, whose freedom almost brings  
Them on his ivied back—but once, dislike  
To such presumption caused this Home of Kings  
To give two of 'em so awful a knock-down  
That ever since they dread his angry frown.

Near this (of old, no doubt) queen town of Wales  
Whoe'er some period of his life may stop,  
Will be well pleased, in sight of swelling sails,  
To stand on hills green to the very top;  
And in the distance ken o'er smiling dales  
Gray ruins peering o'er the blooming crop,  
And shelt'ring in despite each fowl or worm  
That can the work of culture check or harm.

Yea, from Llanstephan, on whose tow'ring height  
A son of song may gaze himself stone blind,  
Up to its origin this vale is dight  
With all that can enchant poetic mind;  
So many scenes—dark, gloomy, fresh, and bright—  
You see where'er the fairy stream doth wind;  
From Towy's wave-wash'd sands up to Llandov'ry,  
Each mile you move is one of sweet discovery.

Well, at Carmarthen, in his nineteenth year,  
Pored Harry o'er his Virgil and his Horace,  
And to Old Homer, too, attuned his ear,  
As all must do, who pry thro' learning's storehouse:  
And, by degrees, from willingness, or fear  
Of the disgrace, the mem'ry he did harass  
So much acquired, that what he understood  
Of Troy's hot contests oft could rouse his blood.

And though the humming of dead languages  
Was what his mind did with disgust oft move,—  
Yet, when he met mellifluous passages  
Wherein's embalmed the Old World's Art of Love,  
And understood that Virgil's sheep and bees  
Are things we meet by every hill and grove,  
He felt refresh'd, and had indeed a mind  
To know what more they taught of the same kind.

The *amo, amas, amat*, had, at first,  
Done much to prepossess him for the Latin;  
But Virgil's Eclogues first did raise a thirst  
That made him wish deep draughts, and as he sat in  
The place prescribed, he was not thought the worst  
Of all the parrots whose incessant prating  
If it taught not what Greeks and Romans sung,  
Made them, at least, forget their mother tongue.

And here that mother tongue, the English bounds,  
As its pale circle doth the watery moon;  
And ages have elapsed since those two sounds  
Have co-existed thus; but very soon  
Some prophets say, the English *blood* and *wounds*  
Must so prevail, that not a knife or spoon

Shall have been nam'd, but in old England's tongue,  
And for that reason, have I in it sung.

But if the Welsh must die, I tell you all,  
From John O'Groat's to the Land's End, or from  
Old Offa's Dyke to Gwent, her funeral  
Her former rank and splendour shall become;  
The bards shall meet, and I among them shall  
Bring flow'rs to strew around the *Hen Iaith's* tomb;  
And Grand Eisteddvods for a century  
Shall meet, tho' but to see her effigy.

But she is living yet, and I who dare  
Sing of my Cambria in the stranger's tongue,  
To keep her breath in too, have done my share  
In lays, my ears have heard with fervour sung;  
I half believe, tho' forced to live on air,  
Where every worldly gain were from them wrung;  
Some of her sons would by her still abide,  
And ring her songs when dying at her side.

But Harry, being of rank, was never taught  
The melodies that own'd his native land;  
He little knew what lays with genius fraught  
In Ivor's days had cheer'd the festive band;  
Ap Gwilym's fervid strains had never caught  
His ear, and had they, such to understand,  
He like the rest of Cambria's well-taught gentry  
Deem'd the distinction of some by-gone cent'ry.

Some say, the Welsh doth nurse our native vices,  
And cause rebellion, riots, and what not?

And oft the landlord whose small farm's high price is  
So shameful, knows of Welsh, no, not one jot?  
If Welshmen have a fault, 'tis that their slices  
Of their right's loaf to a mere crumb is brought;  
And but infers at last, the English tongue  
Alone can save our skins from English wrong.

Thus at Sir David's, Harry's dad 'tis seen  
Seen yes, in his and every tenant's case,  
How bad it is that aught should intervene  
Between those tenants and their landlord's face:  
What doth the ignorance of tenant screen,  
That too shall screen his master's foul disgrace;  
Whene'er his heedlessness of tenant's wants  
Can plead the ignorance of which he cants.

But to resume: at this Academy  
Rules did forbid their finding at a time  
Of Classic meaning, more than each could see,  
And pick from Dictionaries: for the crime  
Of using free translations, two or three  
Had expiated though in youthful prime,  
In such a way, that others beat the head  
Rather than say, that back or hand had bled.

This way of picking words, one at a time,  
Some say, tho' it so tedious seems and dull,  
Is but what all must do in prose and rhyme,  
Ere ever can their stock of words be full;  
The show'rs that favour most the April prime  
Must fall in quantities such as the skull  
Takes thus in words—drop after drop, and these  
Not over large, else, they give no increase.

Just as the boundaries of townships and  
Of boroughs were of yore laid down, say they,  
When on a boy's bum some one with his hand  
Did sounding slaps unmercifully lay:  
The trouble giv'n to boys to understand  
Words, lines, and sentences they're told to weigh,  
Alone can make them recollect, as well  
As parish limits, what they're made to spell.

There's nought like smiling patience o'er a book,  
But youthful minds too soon betray its want,  
For oft as thirsty hound's that laps the brook,  
Their rolling eyes confess for what they pant:  
And yet, how wrong to pant, when every look  
Can take, like the dog's lap, but what's so scant:  
And frenzied haste makes smaller, smaller still  
What one so little can afford to spill.

How patiently the angler tries his bait,  
And he the fowler beats the thorny brake;  
What sore contusions he that wears the skate,  
Bears as a student of the glassy lake:  
Indeed, when once what's learned is our delight,  
What progress can we then not truly make?  
Were it not so,—O heav'ns how many times  
Had I dishearten'd trampled on these rhymes?

Harry's delight was most in poetry,  
Or prose most like it; and he'd oft evince  
A love as great of every history  
That told great acts of subject or of prince:  
Tully's Orations likewise, two or three,  
He almost knew by heart, and to convince

His fellow students of their excellence,  
Some parts he would recite with vehemence.

He lov'd James Thomson too,—him who describes  
Hill, vale, and mountain, in their best array;  
The seasons four, with all their teeming tribes,  
And sun, and moon, and stars, and milky-way:  
Who reads his lofty song, and not imbibes  
The thoughts that made him foremost of his day?  
Yet, lowly Bloomfield had, as all may see,  
More homely views of English Husbandry.

He too, had seiz'd in happier moments that  
"Whose local habitation, and whose name"  
Proves best in poet's line and sentence what  
Did unsolicited, light up its flame;  
And Bloomfield too, from some experience at  
The bard's best school saw habits wild or tame  
Of swain, and beast, and bird, which Thompson lost,  
In the wide *maze* his eye too quickly crost

Of Thomson, he was passionately fond,  
And no less fond he was indeed of Pope,  
O'er both he por'd as Shylock o'er his bond  
With quite as warm, tho' very different hope;  
For when he had some pages rightly conn'd  
Oft his own Muse he'd urge to try her scope;  
And in the contrast, are we much to wonder,  
If Harry bow'd to little Alexander?

Yet, whilst some cry, that Pope was first of bards,  
Some merely in his ethics own their pride:  
His tuneful verse another class regards,  
A fourth doth all he wrote and thought deride;



Who for him, and against him, draw their swords,  
Prove this in spite of all that praise divide,  
That e'en a cent'ry is too short a time  
For Britain to decide a poet's claim!

His art (beyond e'en nature seemingly)  
Sets him beyond the pale he ought to keep;  
Whate'er he felt, in every page we see,  
'Twas not enough, however warm or deep.  
He aim'd at grandeur and sublimity  
Beyond the heart's, and as his pride would reap  
The praise of being the first to reach perfection,  
He made that pride too open to detection.

That pitch of voice and style we call the highest,  
'Tis certes easier far, in such to keep,  
Than follow nature through her channel wryest,  
In passions tearful, light, or strong, or deep;  
Yet, shalt thou find, whoe'er thou art, who triest  
Reward like Pope's in his own style to reap,  
That few who dare his loftiest numbers sham,  
Can equal the great Bard of Twickenham.

Who can for instance, read his Rape o' the Lock,  
And think Apollo's self could write a better?  
But 'tis his Essay's founded on the rock  
'Gainst which opinion's waves in vain shall titter;  
There every maxim, like a marble block,  
For ever's fix'd where nothing could be fitter;  
And not a block our wand'ring ken doth strike  
That joins not with, or rests upon its like.

Yet, in the very highest strain of all,  
The Ode (most high in passion as in diction)

Before a Dryden, e'en a Pope must fall;  
 Of this, let him who feels not full conviction  
 Read Alexander's Feast, therein he shall  
 (As I have, yes, in spite of predilection)  
 See, not this only, but that e'en your Pindar's  
 By Dryden's glowing Odes are spirting cinders.

Reader, I hear thee say, "What's that to me,  
 I want to know what Harry did or said;"  
 Yet, courteous one, I may thus courteously  
 Reflect on works that furnish'd Harry's head;  
 As some conjectures on their tendency  
 Long ere we've parted will, I know, be made,  
 I say thus much, that such may less encumber  
 Parts of my song that least can bear such lumber.

And now when in thy vain morality,  
 How can I pass o'er Cowper's blessed name?  
 A greater artist Pope perhaps may be;  
 Yet, what the virtuous impulse doth so tame  
 As that most grand, but cold philosophy,  
 Which says, self-love and social are the same?  
 The doctrine may to certain minds seem truth,  
 Yet, who with such would quicken virtue's growth?

Our blood, and flesh, and bones, in one sense, are  
 The same in substance as the food we eat;  
 Our wines and liquors too, however rare,  
 Can't be but where their right ingredients meet.  
 The fleecy cloud that's wafted high in air  
 Is partly from the puddle 'neath our feet:  
 Yet, who'd make woman, cloud, or wine attractive  
 By cold details of things in them grown active?

Philosophy with her effect and cause  
Forges good chains to bind polemics with;  
Yet, when she maketh or inculcates laws,  
How inefficient all she can bequeath !  
Oft *Janus-like*, she freezes not, nor thaws,  
And seeing past and future, cannot breathe  
In seeds of human acts the breath of life,  
Nor quell those acts, when such may swell to strife.

Self-love will mind itself, in wealth and fame,  
Despite all efforts to unclench its grasp:  
But when you make social and it the same,  
Then from the earth, whereon it ought to gasp  
'Neath just rebuke, without a spark of shame  
Up springs it to demand your promis'd clasp;  
And as you've own'd its worth, it will be view'd  
In the same picture as the source of good.

When man avoids the snail his foot might crush,  
Or helps the fly t' escape from watery grave;  
Or calls the shiv'ring Robin from the bush  
To eat the crumbs that may its short life save;  
Some may stand up to prove without a blush  
This is self-love in its expanding wave;  
Be 't so; but what we want to understand  
Is, why it will not so in all expand?

Harry did not much like arithmetic,  
For the old reason, that it is so dry;  
Yet, some can chew it like a lickrish stick,  
And relish it, as he did poetry:  
In history, he had a vicious trick  
Of skipping dry details too for the *spree*

Of battles lost and won on sea and land,  
As if he hoped in such things to command.

By chance, he was a gazer at the stars,  
And at the setting, if not the rising sun;  
But knew not Saturn from the planet Mars,  
Nor at what distance each its course did run:  
He lov'd the song of Neptune's jolly tars,  
But not that science much thro' which they've won  
Their way o'er oceans wide to parts remote,  
However pleasantly their barques may float.

The art he lov'd, but not the operations,  
That must to practice every art apply;  
But when for such he found sufficient patience,  
His scientific leaps were very high:  
Sometimes, as if they'd been mere narratives,  
He'd run thro' Euclid's books, although so dry,  
And o'er a theorem gaze with such rapture  
As a young angler at a salmon's capture.

Who goes not up Geometry's grand ladder,  
Has little work to do among the stars;  
And on the ocean, what are sails or rudder  
When want of reckoning every effort mars?  
And when the brave o'er depths unfathom'd shudder,  
How blest the dryness of the art that spares  
So many thousands from that precious wetting  
Their country deems so worthy of gazetting.

When o'er those theorems sublime he por'd  
Which give to man control o'er time and space,

With more enthusiasm, at times, he soar'd  
Geometry's high ladder, and more grace  
Than the Parnassian one, but when the chord  
Of zeal was tightest, piteous was his case,  
As he found out, how many rounds were wanting,  
Ere he'd reach that for which his soul was panting.

Harry, like most youths of his rank, would ask  
Of what use knotty problems were for him;  
Then in the light of easier things would bask,  
While wish'd he that of science were less dim:  
When this excus'd him for a boyish task,  
Shame suddenly would strain his every limb  
To gain the heights which other youths had crost,  
Then pride cried out, "I've other heights to boast."

Newton and Humphrey Davy, knighted were  
By monarchs who show'd science deference,  
Had they been sons of baronets, say where  
Would be the labours now deem'd so immense?  
How few with Napier did with titles share  
The honours science can alone dispense;  
How few with Byron of their pride make wings  
To soar above the gorgeous thrones of kings.

In gath'ring daily facts from nature's store  
This youth, however, took in such delight,  
That o'er whatever scene his eye might pore  
Its fair contents he master'd at first sight:  
Tho' daunted oft above the bookish lore,  
When earth and sky in their best hues were dight,  
He of their beauties drank so deep a draught  
That e'en his tutors envied him that quaff'd.

But he, unfortunately, had found out  
That his was deem'd a very handsome face;  
And add to this, where'er he look'd about  
He lov'd the beauty his own eye could trace  
In woman; therefore any further doubt  
Can scarce exist that his was such a pace  
In learning, that six years at any college  
Could scarce complete his stock of bookish knowledge.

Some men have been both beautiful and great:  
Joseph for instance—wise as he was fair;  
And, if Josephus wrote not from conceit,  
At Moses' beauty men would stop to stare:  
So in Pythagoras we're told did meet  
All manly charms—and he was wise—yet rare—  
Yes, very rare are those male beauties who  
Cause not themselves, like Priam's son much woe.

Admirers of fine eyes too oft you'll find  
The most reluctant to acquire that science  
Which shows how rays direct, or those inclin'd,  
Reach the *retina* of the pretty sly ones:  
And 'tis no wonder; for the am'rous mind  
Admires but rolling eyes and bright,—but dry ones  
Are oft the stars of the reflecting head  
Whose lustre o'er illustrious works is shed.

But some have made too great a sacrifice,  
E'en at the shrine of Knowledge—look at him,  
England's great Epic Bard, at what a price  
He won the race that made his bright orbs dim!  
O! what a loss to him whose Paradise  
Was deck'd so richly to its verdant brim

That his quench'd vision granted not a sight  
Of spots most like a Paradise so dight.

Milton to lead the blind himself made blind,  
But not like him all candidates for fame:  
He, to the last, let feelings good and kind  
The fierce desire of human glory tame:  
But some there are in whose Satanic mind  
The love of praise, though a consuming flame,  
When that's secured, can scarce perform a deed  
To hide the motives of their hellish speed.

Reader, I've heard of men, so hast thou too,  
Whose thirst of name, fierce and exorbitant,  
Had and exacted more than was their due  
From such as would, or not, such men supplant:  
But once obtained the prize they deem'd their due,  
And for the which they did like *Ætna* pant,  
The sinking flames of satisfied desire  
Proved them Volcanoes that had lost their fire.

Ye Orators whose hundred miles a day's journey,  
And speeches more than you could eat of meals;  
Convinced the world with what a tongue unworn ye  
Could match your mouth-work 'gainst the best coach  
wheels:

O! that midst perquisites that now adorn ye,  
Your eyes but kenn'd the honest tear that steals  
Down virtue's cheek, at seeing so much labour  
By man performed but to outstrip his neighbour.

The cat can watch, but it is for the rat;  
The lazy hound his right prey ne'er gives up;

The rooting pig is exemplary at

That work at which alone his snout can cope;  
And many a Cassius never can get fat,  
Or bring his lips to touch a merry cup,  
Till placed securely on that envied height  
Where he beholds the objects of his spite.

And caitiffs such as these who would have leapt

To such a height or set the world on fire;  
Recurring to the days in which they wept  
Like Caesar for that Philip's son was higher  
In fame than he; have slander'd such as slept  
In peace, and labour'd for a trifling hire,  
And e'en contrasted their dislike of ease  
With theirs who toil but for mere bread and cheese.

But what would they be? though their speeches ten

Vie with their journey of a hundred miles?  
What would they be, if placed where not a ken  
Were had of honours to be won thro' wiles?  
What would they be, if for the tongue or pen,  
The spade or sledge had prov'd their gift of smiles?  
What would they be? why, the contempt, not wonder,  
Of them, their daily boasts of work now slander.

Harry, by no means best to persevere,

Had not been bit by green-faced envy yet,  
His stomach proud no one had cause to fear  
Who caus'd not wantonly his heart to fret.  
Candid he was, and anything would bear  
Not vilely meant; but when his spirit met  
Mean insult, he who made this youth his foe  
Would be, ere long, most glad to kiss his toe.



Reader, 'tis figuratively, I write now,  
But lit'rally has this been done as fittest  
Mark of respect that kings of yore would sh. w  
Him whose great toe, methinks, was not the sweetest:  
Then saw men how one right divine could bow  
To one still more divine, as it was meetest,  
And *that*, as hist'ry says, in all men's sight  
Without being guilty of a kick or bite.

This youth was so well favour'd, truly he  
Might well be call'd, not "lady of his college,"  
Like Milton, but as a great prodigy  
In beauty of a somewhat diff'rent foliage:  
His manly charms were of that riper tree  
Whose sight gives the deep longings of the soul edge,  
And in their depth, cause depth of bliss or woe,  
To every she that looks such beauty through.

"Th' observ'd of all observers," Harry was,  
And in a vale where beauty is not scarce,  
Among the fair his name was oft the cause  
Of many a ludicrous and jealous farce:  
In all they did, thoughts of him caus'd a pause,  
And what he said whole beves did rehearse;  
And when 'twas quoted o'er a cup of tea,  
As brisk as Green it made the Dark Bohea.

Some said in pique he was not beautiful,  
And that his features had been over prais'd;  
But that was when they saw their rivals pull  
With tugs too ardent at what all had seized:  
And some did blame and praise by turns, or cull  
Some faults amid perfections that had rais'd

In them, they knew not what—but whate'er 's said  
His form could not get out of any head.

And that was rather tall, and so well set,  
Its fair proportions nothing could disguise;  
So many points of beauty in him met  
They seem'd to multiply before men's eyes,  
Or rather women's, who would, bit by bit,  
Dissect him in their talk, not without sighs,  
Till even the tailors fear'd their pretty foes  
Wish'd to cut out and finish Harry's clothes.

Who can describe a perfect symmetry?  
Long sleeves and trousers spare us now the trouble;  
What can be said of arm, or calf, or knee  
When in such flesh bags men and women hobble?  
Before they're married few—how few can see  
What human samples by them shall lie double;  
And many a bride may have to cry or laugh  
To find her model-man without a calf.

Reader, with shame I own it, when I'm ask'd  
What arts have done for man? I am perplex'd  
What to reply: for what if I were task'd  
For all it does to hide poor man's defects?  
That art which gives their strength to liquors cask'd  
Gives baser liquids what to strength is next;  
Who gives the oak its polish can as well  
Pass in its stead the oak-like painted deal.

Compared with naked Indians, O! how blest  
Are those the weaver and the tailor clothe;

But with this blessing, must it be confest  
What art hath done to cause our hearts to loathe?  
Has it not bones e'en like Ezekiel's drest  
With what hath past for flesh? Has't not, to soothe  
Poor fading beauty, yes, with blood and hair  
Not of its own, deck'd it for Vanity Fair?

Yes, rouge and wadding, have not they been married  
As parts of men and women's flesh of course;  
But ere their wearers long in bonds had tarried,  
Like paint and padding they could seek divorce;  
Still had their bargain not so much miscarried,  
But think of beauty, paints and pads would force  
To be their bed-mate! That's a case indeed  
For him whose wig's his wisdom for to plead.

Stop, Pegasus, no farther in that way,  
I did not mean the reverend and the grave  
Should come in for a slap in this wild lay,  
But since they're come, too late 'tis now to save:  
They too will see perhaps another day  
That solemn garbs can't hide a fool or knave,  
And that our Courts may show men truly great  
Tho' their own hair alone adorn'd the pate.

My hero viewed, no matter from what point,  
Perfection's self appear'd in body and limb;  
Whether your eye examined swell or joint,  
You'd think the last view still most favour'd him;  
A head crown'd all, which health did so anoint,  
That, seeing it, th' admiring eye grew dim;  
But many said that such a glowing face  
Viewed as a student's might be some disgrace.

In justice to him, we must not forget,  
As he was not to enter Holy Orders,  
His tether had not been so shorten'd yet  
But he in most things might o'erstep rule's borders  
More freely than his bookmates, who might fret  
Oft at the diff'rence; but as they were hoarders  
Of words, for what in gold may yet be hoarded,  
Their grumbling ne'er was heard save where they  
boarded.

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## CANTO II.

SOUTH of Carmarthen town, two miles or so,  
O'er Towy's stream doth rise a dark red cliff;  
Who stands upon its brow may see below  
Pass to and fro brig, cutter, sloop, and skiff;  
And many a pleasure boat that townsmen row,  
He too with pleasure may behold; and if  
He listen well, hear every word that passes  
On vessels' decks, tho' seated midst the grasses.

With Towy's stream it gives a spacious sweep  
And owns itself the *wear* and *tear* of flood,  
And age to age have render'd high and steep  
What once few saw, as by it they did send.  
Down at its base where Towy seems to sleep,  
Man may conjecture well how many a rood  
Have thus been wash'd away by water's force,  
To gain a wider range for his fair course.

Earthy, not rocky, is this cliff, and he  
That hath from year to year its aspect watched,

Well knows what mighty masses casually  
By frost and thaw are from its front detach'd:  
These at the water's brink dispersedly,  
Like verdant islets by the spring-tide hatch'd,  
Smile in the greenness they had ere they fell,  
And near the briny flux seem to do well.

At either end of this high cliff, descent  
Is not so difficult, but that full oft  
The fisherman a-down his steps hath bent  
With coracle on back, or climb'd aloft:  
Yet beasts love not the sight more than the scent  
Of spots so slipp'ry. tho' they seem so soft;  
One cow, howe'er, for grazing on its brow,  
Down to the river's edge fell like a cow.

One evening fair—of a most beauteous June—  
Young Harry Vaughan, as he was wont, was seen  
Moving with book in hand in studious lune  
Along the high cliff's edge of lushest green;  
The book was Homer's Illiad, and the tune  
He humm'd above it made a milk-maid keen,  
Say to herself as him she pass'd, " 'Twas pity  
A young man should be mad that look'd so pretty."

"Achilles' wrath to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd," who could well believe,  
Were not the proof so palpable a thing,  
That we should chant what Grecians did achieve,  
Among our Cambrian hills? while of that king  
Who caus'd our greatest woes, scarce one can give  
In prose or rhyme one act; and with the GELYN  
(The ruthless Edward) is forgot Llewelyn.

Our best kings we've forgot, and with our kings  
The bards who were their constant satellites;  
Though here and there some gifted one still sings  
Of Arthur, C'radoe, and of later knights:  
But, ah! the isles of Greece 'mid mundane things  
Of sad vicissitudes, still sadder sights  
Present us with; of all their great in fame  
The isles of Greece can utter scarce a name.

The seven illustrious cities that put in  
Their claim but for the honour of his birth,  
Where is their praise of Homer now? The whin  
Where stood their walls, bid you look round the earth,  
And ask for Homer where the conq'rer's din,  
Far, far from Greece, attests his Iliad's worth;  
For now nor Rhodes, nor Salamis, nor Cos,  
Know that they've claim'd his birth or mourn'd his  
loss.

But to resume: from the red cliff's green brow,  
Adown one of the paths describ'd went Harry,  
And by the river's edge till tide should flow  
In Homer's company he meant to tarry:  
The breezes there were cool enough to blow  
On any veins, howe'er their pulse might hurry,  
And if his task should prove of tiresome length,  
For its perusal aid the mem'ry's strength.

Well, on the fairest, bloomiest summer eve,  
Beside the stream, on its green islet's grass,  
He read and conn'd, and hardly did relieve  
His weary mind from what did thro' it pass;  
Till in the coolness of one sweet reprieve  
From mental labour, o'er the river's glass

He fell asleep, and where he laid his head  
None passing would not take the youth for dead.

What is so beauteous as the rising tide  
That swells so meekly o'er the meads its wins?  
What is so like the mercy that would hide  
With its own tears the growth of childish sins?  
And Harry now, if he the same had eyed,  
Might think the same at quitting of his teens;  
But time and tide, he does not see nor feel,  
For lo! the latter 'gins to wet his heel.

Whilst he, thus sweetly prostrate slept his sleep,  
From the green marsh, behold a maiden ran,  
Fast follow'd by a bull, and on the steep  
From his dread horns she scarcely was a span,  
But gaining it, from deep'rate leap to leap,  
She almost lit below upon a man,  
Alive or dead she knew not, but was full  
Of gratitude, to find 'twas not the bull.

The crazy beast, and the more crazy maiden,  
No more in contact, look at one another,  
When with the tide a gallant brig, well laden,  
Came up the river, she might term her mother;  
And nearing the high cliff, the monster staid on,  
The generous captain feeling like a brother,  
Began to think what means might save the girl  
That had but 'scaped a most tremendous hurl.

The bull disliking probably the ship,  
In furious snuffing owns his stifled ire;  
Then with a bellow, and triumphant skip,  
Said, as his fun was lost, he'd best retire:

Then did the fair one with a trembling lip  
Attempt to call on him who snor'd just by her,  
But her poor voice so faltering was, and feeble  
E'en to awake a man she was not able.

And now the vessel is just opposite,  
And all its crew are looking in amaze;  
And so unnerv'd the maid is at their sight  
She cannot stand the rude enquiring gaze:  
And the brave tars, not wishing to affright  
A female unacquainted with their ways,  
Knew no more than the lady what to do  
In a position deem'd by each so new.

But him espying, that was fast asleep,  
Or dead, they knew not which, one gave a call,  
And told him that his bed would soon get deep  
Unless he woke. Then doth another bawl—  
“Ho! from that hammock to one higher creep!”  
And then a third cries out, above them all,  
“You sleepy fellow, is't a thing so trivial  
Your sweetheart should be chased by such a rival?”

Harry awakes and sees a full sail'd vessel  
With twenty laughing sailors on her deck,  
And by him a fair maid of whom to guess well  
What brought here there, might all conjectures wreck:  
He stares, he rubs his eyes, as if a missile  
Had struck them, then his mind still more to check  
His right foot slips, till knee-deep in the stream,  
He feels convinc'd he is not in a dream.

Not doubting any more the proof on proof,  
That he and all he saw were wide awake;



And that the maiden who stood now aloof  
Was some bright angel sent there for his sake:  
He asks in style Oriental, if heaven's roof  
'Twas that let down one of so fair a make,—  
Whether it was an angel or a woman  
Had come to save him from being food for salmon?

In answer, she declares that a black bull  
Had follow'd her some two fields' breadth or more,  
With one besides, who of like terror full,  
Fled tow'ards the road, while she made for that shore;  
And to avoid the monster whose curl'd skull  
Show'd by its tossing what his horn would gore,  
She had jumped down, preferring to be drown'd  
To being beneath his horns on any ground.

"But is your friend a male or female?" "Sir;  
She is a female, of my age and size;  
But I have not the worst hopes yet of her,  
As the fierce beast preferr'd me for his prize:  
And could I well see how, without demur,  
I'd seek her now; but it were quite unwise  
To risk another meeting with the bull,  
For of his roars, even now, my ears are full."

"Be comforted," said he, "I'm used ere now  
To these horn'd bullies, but they are more fierce  
By Towy's side than Usk's, and would, I trow  
With much less ceremony, toss or pierce;  
But as this hand hath oft brought down a crow,  
It may deal even a bull a quick reverse,  
A blow well dealt on forehead, horn, or muzzle  
Has oft been seen the fiercest bull to puzzle."

So saying, with wet feet he led her up  
The graded slip that seem'd the fisher's ladder,  
Some stones he took that scarce could fill a cup,  
Saying, if they had been rounder, he'd be gladder:  
The tars now cried far off, "We trust you'll sup  
Upon that bull, though he were ten times madder:"  
And she for the first time in briker tone,  
Said, "Would to heaven my hand could fling a  
stone?"

But ere the field had been well crost, a bellow  
Announc'd their foe not distant; "There," said he  
"If 'tis my fate to battle with this fellow,  
You may with ease ascend that stooping tree.  
I will advance, and as I go, I tell you  
Not on your peril to rush on to see  
What may befall me from a foe so fierce,  
That I or time, to you shall soon rehearse."

Then on he went, some eighty yards or more,  
When the loud bellowing he heard redoubled;  
And louder grew till he might think a score  
Of Basan's breed were there together huddled;  
Yet, two in all, were there, whose horrid roar  
Convinced him soon he need no more be troubled  
About the brute who did the maid pursue,  
For now his horn has other work to do.

Back Harry runs and tells the trembling fair,  
That she was out of peril, since the bull  
Had met his equal, and that both beasts were  
About to measure horns, and that a full  
View of the combat they should quickly share;  
Then, by the hand, he did the maid half pull

To where the bellowing, growing fiercer still,  
Even stocks and stones with terror seem'd to fill.

From the opposing fences of the road  
Each having eyed his mad opponent's horns,  
Through obstacles that but to battle goad  
He bursts his way despite the stakes and thorns;  
And now the fury, roars cannot explode,  
With battle terrors either neck adorns,  
And all things round them struck with wild dismay.  
For the huge combatants in haste make way.

One was a Brecon, so at least thought Harry,  
And for him felt some partiality;  
His well-set horns, as fit to thrust as parry,  
Were offsets worthy of his symmetry;  
A neck he had on which he might well carry  
A tow'r of warriors arm'd all cap-a-pie,  
His face was white, his body reddish brown;  
His whole, what any land might proudly own.

The other was a Pembroke, all jet black,  
With shorter horns, but of a stouter butt;  
He of the two seem'd readiest for th' attack,  
And rage evinc'd no ten bulls' blood could glut.  
So great the violence that marks his track  
E'en like a scythe, his breath the twigs doth cut,  
And on the road his every sneeze lays bare  
Stones that 'neath oft-trod soil long buried were.

The horns are levell'd, and the upturn'd eye  
Thro' all their rage, owns equal cautiousness,  
The bellowing ceases, and they well-know why,  
For breath must swell as foes doth thew compress;

The black is confident, the red seems shy  
But of true courage not a whit has less,  
Yet, he moves not a foot in his fierce trance,  
Lest to his foe one move afford a chance.

But lo! they've clos'd, and brain 'gainst brain hath struck,  
And wrath doth both envelope in one flame;  
Yet, there's no fear that one will run a-muck  
For in his like he now sees his best game:  
One thing each feels, at one thing each doth look,—  
The foe that 'fore him strains his mighty frame,  
To what hate worthiest of its thrust hath view'd  
Each by it there's indissolubly glued.

Like wrestlers trained, their feet they keep apart  
Their horns, like wrestlers arms, they firmly wreath;  
Then with such heaves as make their eye-balls start  
Those horns, at once, in flesh they strive to sheath:  
This not succeeding, then for thrust athwart  
Each tries, and then as soon for one beneath,  
But, save the head, he finds each part so guarded,  
That every thrust as soon as made is warded.

Then, in their fury's vortex whirl they round,  
Then stand they fix'd like mighty promontories,  
Then start athwart with simultaneous bound  
To shift the ground that would defer their glories:  
Still head meets head as if a chain was wound  
Ten times around them, and each beast that worries  
That head in vain, still striving for a pass,  
Strives but to meet as 'twere a wall of brass.

Strength, wrath, and cunning, equal in the two,  
Give equal work I trow for thew and horn;

And every onslaught their fierce hearts renew  
Leaves in the road the ruts their feet have torn:  
The necks, whose single efforts well might strew  
A human dwelling like the bloom of thorn;  
These necks but strain, yea, and these horns but strike  
Here but to prove that each hath met his like.

Benighted vessels that on stormy weather  
Are brought in contact by the winds and waves,  
And by their tangled shrouds are held together  
O'er the deep hollows of the ocean graves,  
Heave not more clingly than these, who'd rather  
Than be parted, see the earth in halves  
Split 'neath their feet; so uncontrollable  
The ire that doth to conquest both impel.

Yet what is might opposed 'gainst equal might?  
What but a nullity? And on this ground  
The combatants both make a match so tight  
That nothing but the earth shows yet a wound.  
The black one, tired of this, employs a sleight,  
And flings him back as 'twere to yield the round;  
But soon wild rage again his breath doth plug,  
And on he springs for a yet harder tug.

A harder, fiercer, and a deadlier tug,  
In which each, conscious of his rival's worst,  
Seeks fight as when a calf he did the dug,  
And for its glory shows a quenchless thirst:  
And as black hatred gives its hottest hug  
And horns, and thews, and eye-balls seem to burst,  
The red bull slips, he falls, and his loud yell  
Tells what his heart expects from foe so fell.

He sees his danger, and the black one, too,  
That danger sees, and takes advantage of it;  
For quick as lightning he springs on to show  
How well he 'd use the chance his heart did covet;  
But at the very nick of time, when through  
His prostrate rival he would send a rivet,—  
Harry, by luck, the dreadful onslaught parried.  
And sent a stone to meet him in the forehead.

It was a well-dealt hit—the victor reel'd  
And in his vertigo went nearly down;  
The vanquish'd up, shied off, and not conceal'd  
His willingness to yield so dear a crown:  
The maiden with her life-blood half congeal'd,  
Begg'd Harry but to part them, and did own  
That of the sight her heart was truly sick,  
And ran to fetch him from the hedge a stick.

The stick is ta'en, and as requested used,  
And lo! the bulls are willing to be chid;  
The red moved off, the black, too, not refused  
To go, but with a more averted lid:  
And now the young spectators, both unbruised,  
Could wonder not enough at that which did  
Bring two like them on such a day together,  
To see, and thus to rescue one another !

But ere they fully had two furlongs gone  
From that dread spot of brutal rage and terror,  
Scarce could they any subject speak upon  
But the fierce fight their fancy still did mirror:  
But by degrees the sun that on them shone,  
The shrubs and trees convinced them of their error,

To think their own or earth's tranquillity  
Should be long marred by such a tragedy.

The sun that saw the fight, as well as they,  
Now shows to such as mark him in the west—  
How little can or man's or brute's affray  
Disturb the calmness of his royal rest;  
And now the halo of his parting ray  
'Tween them who had dismay so late exprest,  
Wake accents like the double flagolett's  
Which in a chamber assays new duets.

Is it not pleasant at the sun's farewell  
To see his parting looks on valleys deep?  
Then for a moment on the low hills dwell,  
Then glow as kindly on the craggy steep:  
And lastly where the loftiest mountains swell,  
Consign them one by one to balmy sleep;  
Ere o'er them all that ample curtain spread,  
Whose fringe of sunbeams scarce can match its red?

But they who meet as these young things had met,  
Awhile, must most of all think of themselves;  
And Harry, since their meeting, scarce had yet  
Had time to scan the face of one whom shelves  
So high had not kept from him, when with wet  
Cold feet he lay, like one bound down by elves;  
And now he looks just as I'd have him look  
Who reads the second Canto of this book.

He looks at one of most surpassing beauty  
As one looks in a volume newly bought,

Leaving to future hours the pleasing duty  
Of reading page by page the work throughout:  
His eye surveys her, and from head to foot, he  
Perceives a form so faultless by him strut,  
That ere their steps had counted many a score,  
His heart felt more than e'er it had before.

There manliest charms by woman's bloomiest met,  
Shew'd Mercury and Venus in conjunction;  
Two of the finest porcelain match'd that yet  
Had e'er required th' Almighty Potter's sanction:  
Two of whom nature might make each a pet,  
And Love derive a most important function,  
Were now beheld whilst *Sol* and *Terra* parted,  
That work commencing for which hosts have smarted

And Harry, as we may think, now had his time  
To own what 'twas that brought him to the spot  
Where she descried him o'er the river's slime,  
Stretch'd like a madman or a wilder'd sot:—  
How he had late been reading (not in rhyme)  
How sun and moon affect the tides; and not  
Well satisfied with what the book had said,  
Would things mundane compare with things o'erhead.

The night past too had he spent nearly through  
In making out some southern constellation;  
And had the following day enough to do  
To keep from sleep that asked for reparation;  
Hence had he slept so soundly where she knew  
How her own peril had prov'd his salvation;  
"A wond'rous turn," said both with look intense  
That in it saw the same strange providence.



Then she, encourag'd by his story, gave  
Some inkling of her own, in manner brief—  
Said how her father on the briny wave  
Had lost her mother; and for mind's relief,  
Some time, perhaps, would spend in Wales, and have  
Some benefit, she hoped, to soothe his grief,  
From three months' residence within the vale  
Whose oldest men and women look'd so hale.

Thus, walking went they on in converse sweet,  
But not forgetting her who erst had fled;  
And since she'd made such good use of her feet,  
Could only know how she herself had sped:  
"But now she must be safe," said each, "and be 't  
With her as 'tis with us," when over head  
A feeble voice asks from a slanting tree  
"Can you go home, Miss Fisher, without me?"

And who was there still looking for her friend,  
But Ellen Gwynne, from grief almost demented;  
For ah! she dreaded an unhappy end  
Had been Miss Fisher's, and in heart repented  
That she had fled the monster, that might rend  
Them both as well: and, O! how sore she vented  
Her anguish at the thought that she had fled  
From the fierce beast to leave her friend for dead.

The tree being each side, branched down to the fence  
Reclining much, and of a slanted growth,  
Was easy of descent: from dread suspense  
The lady is reliev'd, and nothing loth,  
She hastens down to ascertain from whence  
Her friend had found deliverance, and in sooth,

To give, if ask'd, a broken narrative  
Of the escape that gave her lease to live.

"From where we first," she said, "took fright and ran,  
I thought you still were by me or behind;  
What course I took, describe I never can,  
For nearly half the way I was stone blind:  
At last, when I had reach'd the road, a man  
Took me, I think, for one out of her mind,  
And as he laugh'd, I ventur'd to look back,  
But saw not you, nor token of your track.

"I more than once again thought of returning  
To ascertain what of you had become,  
But oh! my terrors gave me such a churning,  
With the first step my heart beat like a drum:  
What could I do? with brain and heart so burning  
I could not seek for you, nor yet go home;  
And the alternative I chose at last  
Was to ascend the tree you have just past.

"That oak which stoops so humbly o'er the road,  
As 'twere in pity bade me it ascend;  
That from its branches I might look abroad  
For you I'd left to meet so dread an end:  
Had you not come—there 'neath my sorrow's load,  
I had remain'd for night; and that would mend  
My plight, not much, when day had prov'd so full  
Of troubles from the frenzy of the bull."

"And now instead of sharing the bull's horns,  
As you might well have done, and been his trophy,

You'll share my arms," said he; then to him turns  
Each with a smile that prov'd how good enough he  
Look'd to her eye; and he indeed not scorns  
His fair companions, but like Persian Sophy  
'Neath the night's cover 'tween these earthly *houris*  
Goes up that steep old street o'er which the tow'r is.

Well, in safe conduct home we've sent, at last,  
Them whose long absence some ere this regret;  
And till their hour of jeopardy had past  
My muse I'd not permit to play coquette:  
Yet, to her task, as she has been held so fast,  
No marvel if her brow begins to fret:—  
She bids me now, if on more work I've reckon'd  
To use her well, and end this Canto Secend.



# Songs and Poems.

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## The Captive Caractacus.

Lo! before the throne of Cæsar  
Rome beholds her threat's despiser,  
And to be at him a gazer,  
Mars himself descends:  
Great Caractacus, the Briton,  
Now without a throne to sit on,  
Of Rome's greatest at the great one,  
Each his proud look bends.  
With the mien undaunted  
That had Freedom vaunted,  
And for years  
With growing fears  
Had Cæsar's presence haunted,  
In the tones that Britons follow'd,  
Tells he foes in wealth that wallow'd,  
Words that hist'ry the time-hallow'd  
With his laurels blends.

“Ye, whose pow'r, and sway, and treasure,  
Scarce can limits own or measure;  
If to note him, ye have leisure,  
Hear a captive vile.

Was it wisdom, wit, or dotage,  
Surfeiting o'er conquest's fruitage,  
That could envy me a cottage  
    In my native isle?  
Had my love of nation  
Kept this vile world's fashion,  
    Round this brow  
    Might I not now  
Wear wages of discretion?  
But if I was ne'er intreater  
For your clemency, the greater  
Were the grace that would unfetter  
    Him who tried not guile."

Now through breasts of Roman warriors  
Spite their adamantine barriers,  
Words that were sweet mercy's couriers  
    Swift their way have found:  
Soon as C'radoc's speech was spoken  
On each cheek appeared the token,  
None stood there who 'd see unbroken  
    What the Briton bound;  
Then the tideful feeling,  
Tears were thus revealing,  
    Cæsar too  
    'Neath pity's dew  
To grant its boon, all willing,  
Cries, while mercy's influence under,  
"C'radoc's chains he struck asunder,"  
And applause more loud than thunder  
    Th' utter'd order crown'd.

## Spring.

WINTER like a hard-faced jailor,  
Long has kept poor spring a wailer,  
And his winds the strong oak rocking,  
Lark and linnet's song kept mocking:  
But at length we hail the season  
All did long for, freed from prison,  
And of that, I'll vow it, no man  
That e'er prest the lips of woman,  
Is more glad than I, the ploughman.

Share that shone in work so brightly,  
Winter bound, O! how unsightly  
Look'd it when the season juiceless  
Made it seem a thing so useless;  
But before it gets more rusty  
Once again my horses lusty  
Make it shine, and me remember  
Songs that lie since last November  
In my brain like unscrubb'd lumber.

Rooks that best the winter weather'd,  
Now are to his funeral gather'd,  
And where I've no wish to scare them  
On my grubs am blest to fare them;  
But when down the glebes I'm turning,  
Well their like may take a warning,  
Not with croaks by budding bushes  
Drown the blackbirds' songs and thrushes',  
Else must pebbles show my wishes.

Ho! my team, though root and pebble,  
Oft our toil and sweat drops treble,  
And with sore jerks upwards fling us,  
’Tis their beds our food must bring us;  
Toil, too, sweetens while we’re in it,  
Songs of finch, and lark, and linnet;  
Say they not while moss they carry,  
Nests to build; they still are merry,  
And of love’s-work never weary?

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### ©, what a happy pair.

WHEN I and wife first visit  
Paid David Blanche and spouse;  
My wife said, “What a comfort is it,  
To have so nice a house;”  
And when she heard them joking  
In style most bland and fair,  
She said to me with look provoking,  
“O, there’s a happy pair.”

When came our visit second,  
Though hard words came not out,  
’Twas plain that Mistress Blanche had reckon’d  
She had some cause to pout:  
And mine still pleased to show me  
How some mixed love with care,  
Again with hintful look said to me,  
“O, there’s a happy pair.”

In visit third, tho' neither  
Return'd us our salutes,  
They gave us hints that on foul weather  
The best will have disputes:  
But when their plea was over,  
My wife again took care,  
To show me she could still discover  
"They were a happy pair."

In visit fourth, not doubting  
But all would prove the same,  
As we approach'd we heard one shouting  
Aloud a dog's wife's name:  
And when the woman at us  
With a right black-eye did stare,  
Said I to wife with wide hiatus,  
"O! there's a happy pair."

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### How to be famous.

If you would be a famous wight,  
The means, hear me, but tell, man;  
To make all of you speak and write  
Though you can scarcely spell, man;  
And tho' your share of heart and brain  
In proof be e'er so small, man;  
With vantage quickly seen and ta'en  
You oft may giants fall, man;  
Then if 'mid froth and rant, man,  
You hide what's found most scant, man;



The stock that's shown, if sworn your own  
May abler men appal, man.

Of politics or history

Whoever dares to speak, man;

E'en then, to gain a victory

May nought require, but cheek, man:

And when for want of place and date,

You scarce can prove a fact, man;|

You may with shaking fist and pate

Seem lugging on what's lack'd, man,

And e'er the contest's out, man,

Show but good cause to pout, man,

Then in your huff, like candle's snuff

Your way make out self pack'd, man.

On music or on poetry

Should conversation turn, man;

Dip in some critics two or three,

You've nothing more to learn, man;

And if of London's reigning stars

You know but the mere names, man;

Though you knew not e'en notes from bars,

Don't yet despair of fame, man;

Of Handel or Mozart, man,

If you've one strain by heart, man;

Give it the while, and swear your style,

Is that you learned from Braham, man.

## The Maid that lives by Cynon.

THOUGH oft I've seen at Cambrian Fair  
Young maids, or would-be fairies,  
On wire and rope fly thro' the air  
As eaglets to their eyries;  
Not all their feats so swift and blithe  
Howe'er the sight may stun one,  
Make me forget the spring as lithe  
Of her that lives by Cynon,

O more than once I've had a peep  
Through doors and window glasses,  
E'en at the balls where proudly sweep  
The flow'rs of Cambria's lasses;  
But when I thought their feet might melt  
The very boards they'd run on,  
Beneath her pail still more I've felt  
To see this Maid of Cynon.

On paths the sheep can scarcely keep,  
On bridges frail and giddy;  
How heart hath jump'd to see her skip  
With cheeks and arms so ruddy:  
And when thro' greenwood path she glides  
What bird on airy pinion  
More easy the green leaves divides  
Than this sweet Maid of Cynon?

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## The Gallant Twenty-third.

HANG up the banners of the brave,  
O hang them up on high;  
And if unto foemen  
They prove a death-omen,  
Let foes our purpose decry:  
But we who know what deeds  
Make Britain's hests afar be heard;  
Now bid her award bright honour's meed  
To the gallant, gallant Twenty-Third.

Above the soil that did them rear,  
Above their fathers' graves;  
Be named the places  
Where from their faces  
Did fly opposing slaves:  
And where the bending sire  
Doth read the meed of grave-stone word,  
His bosom shall the actions fire,  
Of the gallant, gallant Twenty-Third.

Whilst England's sway o'er earth extends,  
Extend shall Cambria's too;  
And the same glory  
They'll share in story,  
Both in red coat and in blue:  
And while there is a roost  
Whereon may perch St. Peter's Bird,\*  
Beneath it, aye, we'll sound a *toast*  
For the gallant, gallant Twenty-Third.

\* Carmarthen boys call themselves St. Peter's Birds.

## Brotherhood.

O, ye who have so long in bonds fraternal,  
Your hands and hearts united here so fast;  
The tree whose hue you've kept so fresh and vernal,  
In greenness still as lovely make it last:  
And when beneath its branches we have met  
A thousand times  
And told in rhymes  
What joy our acts beget;  
O may the stem and branch  
That each year doth make more staunch, my boys—  
At last secure this flock a shade supernal  
For those who watch oppression's sun to set.

As men whose days are giv'n to useful labour  
O, who so well an hour like this can prize?  
When face to face each man beholds his neighbour  
Without a tinge of envy in his eyes;  
When every mind gives utterance to its thought,  
And seeks not more  
In social lore  
To teach than to be taught;  
When learning sense and wit,  
All their differences can split, my boys—  
And cheers whose volleys oft outsound the tabor,  
Are ne'er more loud than hearts with love are fraught.

Far, far, from us be kept the proud and selfish,  
Who worth ne'er see but in what is their own;  
And far, as well, be kept the flatt'rer elfish  
Whose praise is aye for worthless fav'rite blown,

In friendship's temple they who nightly sit  
 Like builders of  
 A house of love,  
 Will do what doth befit,  
 And whilst we give and take  
 Ever for the brotherhood's sake, my boys—  
 As tide-hour is unto th' enveloped shell-fish,  
 Is this to all who here would feed on wit.

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### Operative's Feast of Mind.

If stocks and stones with sense and speech were gifted,  
 How soon would some around these spots make known  
 How oft between them have our hands been lifted,  
 To make the homes of others like our own:  
 But as each man hath sorrow, joy and mirth,  
 Which he may not,  
 Whate'er his lot,  
 Confine to his own hearth;  
 Among our proper homes,  
 O how lovely are the domes, my boys—  
 'Neath which as 'twere by gales of friendship drifted,  
 Plain men may meet to prove their plain minds' worth.

At sound of bell what work day hath not seen us  
 To toil as to our dinners briskly hie?  
 When light of sun or candle did convene us  
 To do the jobs assigned, who saw us shy?  
 The sound that warned us at our work to be,

Shall that not tell  
 From tongue of bell  
 When each shall deem him free  
 To enter at its call  
 'Neath the roof of high-built hall, my boys—  
 And in the zeal he names his country's genius  
 Amongst her fav'rites prove his right to be?

While hammers, files, and edg'd-tools, boys, we're plying,  
 Too well we know there's harshness in their din;  
 Yet, on our skill and strength while we're relying  
 To finish is our joy what we begin:  
 And as the sounds of tools so harsh and strong  
 Still leave us sense  
 For bliss intense  
 In music and in song;  
 Whene'er our work hath ceas'd,  
 For the joys of mental feast, my boys—  
 Then find we all how ~~sirs~~ and words undying,  
 Our stay to hear them ever must prolong.

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### The false friend and the true one.

I HAVE friends my good luck doth make glad,  
 I have friends that would grant me my due;  
 But, sirs, since the world's gone so bad,  
 'Tis needless to say, they're but few:  
 I have friends too, whose hearts my good name  
 As they heard it did cause to but throes  
 How glad, when I mention the same,  
 Should I be that I found they were foes.

The sunshine that opes with its smile;  
The flow'r buds of hedge, bank, and brake;  
O, will 't not expose us the while  
The path of the blind-worm and snake?  
The blaze that broke forth in my praise,  
If some bosoms it haply made glad;  
How soon it reveal'd by its rays  
The reptiles that joy in what's bad.

My thanks to the generous soul  
Who for my successes hath quaffed,  
My thanks to that best of the roll,  
Who still would make sweeter the draught;  
My thanks be to heav'n—not to him—  
For the snarler I heard in his den,  
Since his wish my poor star to make dim  
Brought me back to my senses again.

---

### **The Absent Husband's Return.**

Look up the bank, look down the dell,  
Your glances cast o'er brook and birne;  
O'er road or pathway—who can tell  
By which my husband shall return?  
If friends I have, this day will some,  
With open looks and warm-hearts come  
My absent Jim to welcome home.

In fair or market, or at church,  
How lone a wife without her spouse;

Her serious look for craft they search,  
Her smiles they mark for signals loose:  
Henceforth whate'er makes malice foam,  
Where'er I stay—where'er I roam—  
I dare look up when he's at home.

Next Sabbath if to church we go,  
His wedding suit my Jim shall wear:  
And where he's noticed, all will know  
How much I've made its gloss my care:  
And from the box I take his from,  
My own in trim as good shall come,  
To tell this valley who's come home.

---

## Sons of the Fair Isle.

Sons of the Fair Isle  
Our fathers made so free;  
Shall we forget  
Where they have met  
To prop and water Freedom's Tree?  
No, no, no, no, no, no;  
For while 'tis bliss their tale to read,  
For all hearts true 'tis bliss to do  
What they bade to God speed.  
While our fields and cities prove  
We've heads and hands for labour;  
While our hearths show fruits of love  
That cherish friend and neighbour;



As our all we prize on earth,  
Wears the badge of Freedom's worth,  
We will have nor work nor mirth,  
But where 'tis free to grow.

Free boys, cry free boys,  
But mind while we cry *free*;  
Say one and all  
We ne'er will call  
A lawless state our Liberty:  
No, no, no, no, no, no;  
If tyrants fell, shall us not fool  
The good and wise we 'll call to rule,  
Yea, both in weal and woe:  
Though we 'd scorn to work or fight  
For those who forge us fetters,  
Such as heav'n doth fit for might  
We 'll always deem our betters;  
And in readiness to learn  
Duty's law; we 'll never spurn  
Him who' d have us but discern  
His right to keep us low.

---

### Song of the Prophet Bard.

A TIME shall arrive of sweet peace and accord,  
When hate-bearing Nations shall bury the sword;  
And streams that are crimson'd with blood of the brave  
In years shall rejoice that will dye not their wave;  
The tops of the mountains their flocks shall possess,  
And shepherd to shepherd his song shall address;

And the hoof which the carnage of warfare makes red,  
Shall tinge not the daisy that bends 'neath its tread.

But many a struggle must Cambria go through  
Ere the trumpet of war shall its call cease to blow;  
And oft shall the vulture its talons imbrue,  
And the wolf be aveng'd of the hordes that pursue;  
Revenge in an age is not sated, saith she,  
And the ease of a foeman with her's can't agree;  
The song is of fights, and our harps cease not yet  
In the woes they're bemoaning, more woes to beget.

When moulder'd the oak-trunks that fugitives hid,  
And the rocks that o'er roof'd them to stone-heaps have  
    slid,  
When the corpse-mounds of slaughter to flatness are trod,  
And the father's avenger knows not his grave sod;  
Then, slow as a vapour, that pestilence breeds,  
Resentment shall go with her train of dark deeds;  
And heaven at last shall eternally smile  
To see in communion the Tribes of this Isle.

Though each shall retain, and be proud of its name,  
Yet one shall their deed be, and one their bright fame;  
And the mark that shall kindred and people denote,  
Tho' seen and preserv'd like the old castle moat;  
Instead of the drawbridge and waters of doom  
Will show but the green-grass enrich'd with June's bloom,  
And on bound'ries where once it was death to be seen,  
Join'd nations shall sing of the feuds that have been.



### The Isle of the Briton.

I HEARD the green billow thus speak to the rock,—  
“ Though as idle and ruthless my force thou dost mock;  
When heaviest my rolling, and rudest its shock,  
I am guard for the Isle of the Briton.”

The rock saith in answer, “ Remember, O deep,  
Said I not when first I grew lofty and steep;  
Till here shalt thou go and together we'll keep  
Our watch, for the Isle of the Briton?”

“ Then, lo!” to the sun orb, thus speaketh the cloud,  
“ Though so often thy brightness I seem to enshroud,  
When dunnest my aspect; e'en then what so proud  
As my show'rs make this Isle of the Briton?”

Then quickly in answer, the day-god replies,  
“ When widest thy darkness o'erspreadeth the skies,  
'Tis the spell of my gaze doth empow'r thee to rise  
Ere thou drop on this Isle of the Briton.”

To the nations that on her would fix each a throne,  
When rock, cloud, and billow, their boast had made known,  
Scot, Saxon, and Cambrian, their weapons laid down,  
In a truce for the Isle of the Briton:

And they said, “ If the elements four but contend,  
The Island they seem'd to assail to befriend;  
Our pride, strength, and valour, to serve the like end,  
We'll unite for the Isle of the Briton.”

## The Club-feast day.

COME friendship's league'd ones,  
Our *motto* all behold;  
What we 'd do  
As brothers true,  
O, who amongst us need be told?  
At our feast  
From the least  
To him whose stature highest stands;  
As he doth serve shall each deserve  
The influence he commands:  
As in work, it is our pride  
In best things to prove able;  
So to do while side by side,  
The blandness of the table:  
And now as soon as feast is past,  
Do in this year as the last,  
With grateful lay  
Complete the day  
No sadness should o'ercast.

Here of the good things  
That gluttons daily waste,  
As heaven will 'd,  
Have we been fill'd,  
Thanks to the love that bade us taste  
Of the beef  
That was chief  
The England's festal day of yore,  
A share we've had that makes us glad  
And many good things more;

But whate'er hath blest our dish,  
Or in, or out of season;  
Highest now be felt the wish  
T' enjoy the feast of reason:  
All around this festive board  
Of the dainties minds have stor'd,  
In Glee, Duet,  
And song give yet  
What erst we have encor'd.

---

### Welcome for the weary.

Of length'ning roads when weary  
I drag o'er bogs and banks,  
And many a sample carry  
Of their soil-drab round my shanks;  
When a milestone is more heeded  
Than effigy of saint,  
And a green-sward tread is needed  
As water to the faint:  
What makes the heart's misgivings  
Be lost in raptures bright,  
As the dwelling low  
Of a friend I know  
Far peering to my sight;  
The breeze then so relieving  
Comes whisp'ring to my ear,  
Of them that wait  
By gordan gate  
To bless me with their cheer.

What better oft are faces  
Whose outlines seem most fair,  
Than is the grin that graces  
So oft the potter's ware?  
And welcomes where men mingle,  
O tell me what are they  
More than that metal's jingle,  
That warns the hour of day?  
And roofs that dozens shelter  
From stormy winds and rain;  
If short my fare,  
O better share  
The pard or lion's den:  
Yet, sternest when I felt her,  
Hard Fortune oft hath seen  
Beneath whose roof  
The whitest loaf  
Awaits my hunger keen,

Within my prov'd one's garden  
A thick spray'd bush doth grow,  
And lo! that bird 's a hard one  
That worms his way half through;  
But once within its bosom  
The faintest wrens are safe  
From gosshawk that pursues 'em  
• Howe'er his wrath may chafe.  
And of that shelter's owner  
I'll say—though in an hour,  
None in his breast  
May build a nest  
And snugly in it cow'r;  
But in his British honour

Who's worthy to confide,  
E'en to life's end  
Will know the friend  
That by him will abide.

---

### The Bleeding Blackbird.

AH! slaughter'd bird, whose bill of gold  
So many a tale of love hath told,  
What villain's aim hath here made cold  
Thy tuneful breast?  
And with an aim so ruthless foul'd  
Thy ebon crest?

This pipe which told in notes so clear  
When buds and blossoms 'gan t' appear;  
Ah! was it right, because the year  
Shows now no bud,  
A murd'rous aim this throat should smear  
With gouts of blood?

With trembling fingers while I wipe  
The stains from off thy mellow pipe,  
Must I confess how fast they'd gripe  
His vandal throat,  
Who'd leave nor May nor June a type  
Of thy blest note?

The fiend whose tongue could never name  
A tune—or joy find in its flame;  
How recklessly made he his game  
E'en of the songster,  
Whose lay made Eld that near it came,  
Stride like a youngster.

Yea, through this sleek and velvet head  
Which did such strains melodious shed,  
From his curs'd tube, how swiftly sped  
    The fatal load,  
That so untimely laid thee dead  
    By the high road!

'Twas not a kite nor goshawk fell  
Of thy sweet lay robb'd hill and dell;  
No, no, but man that knew full well,  
    How men had blest it,  
Fir'd at the breast where it did dwell,  
    And, aye, supprest it!

Yea, one resembling them in look,  
Who thee to hear by hill and brook,  
Have paus'd, and smil'd, here coolly took  
    His aim to shoot thee,  
And knew how spring would seem forsook,  
    And sad without thee.

What though he had no cloven hoof  
By which he'd warn thee keep aloof;  
In thee he 's left the mortal proof  
    That what he can  
To blackbirds do—beneath some roof  
    He 'd do to man.

Soul dark and gloomy whom but spite  
Alone can raise to mid air flight;  
On thy tomb surely one may write  
    Of soul prophetic—  
*Here's one* would make with mental might,  
    A murd'rous critic.



Tell me—would he whose gun did kill  
This songster blithe, not freely spill  
Each poet's heart-blood, while his quill  
For blest thoughts waited;  
And brag he had, one heart made still  
True self-love hated?;

---

### Madoc's Farewell.

O RAISE, raise, the song for Prince Madoc and his band,  
And tell thou bard the bright reward  
Of those who find the strange land:  
Since our Wales we cannot save—  
With me ye go beyond the wave;  
And the sluggards that moan in the shades of their sorrows,  
When coop'd in the dark days that see but worst morrows,  
Will think of me and the spirits free,  
Whose home is beyond the Deep.

O loud be the lay that comes forth from valour's breast,  
And like the gale that wafts our sail,  
Be our aid to gain the far West:  
If with perils strive we must,  
We know at last in whom we trust;  
Then join with your parents, ye brave sons and daughters  
Whose fate and whose fortunes are cast on the waters,  
The high rais'd strain that aideth to gain  
Our home o'er the Western Deep.

O far, far, far, from our once lov'd native shore,  
 For that ye'd view with Madoc's crew,  
     O tug it at the strong oar:  
 Dread and loud as are the waves,  
 They tell us we are no Saxon slaves;  
 And lo! when around us the ocean is boiling,  
 'T will tell us of safety for which 'tis worth toiling,  
     Then who as we can enliven with glee  
     Our course o'er the mighty Deep?

### Ball of Howel Sele.

WHEN Wales said her Glendowr a gold crown should wear,  
*Howel Seal*\* vow'd his cousin should perish:  
 And soon as chance served him, at once he laid bare  
     The purpose his dark soul did cherish:  
 From the brake springs a Stag—saith Glendowr to Seal,  
     “ There's thy chance to give proof of thy arch'ry,”  
 With the word Howel turned to make Glendowr there feel  
     In his heart's core the sting of his treach'ry.

'Twas but what the Glendowr fate-warned did forestal,  
     And the dart from his armour rebounded;  
 And *Seal* who in mind made so sure of his fall  
     In Death's throes, before him fell wounded;  
 Yea, there where he hoped no man's ear, eye, or tongue,  
     Could his murd'rous deed witness or babble;  
 'Tis he's doomed to die on the bow he had strung,  
     And none there to save him is able.

\* Seal in the books is spelt *Sele*.

In the hollow dark oak, 'neath whose shadow no eye  
At their deed on that day is a peeper,  
*Seal* 's body is thrust by true hands that were nigh,  
Where each knew he 'd prove a long sleeper:  
Yea, where he had hoped o'er the Glendowr's quick fall  
His malice to sate with loud scoffing;  
He 's buried unwrapt, or in shroud, or in pall,  
In the oak that's his grave and his coffin.

Of *Seal* 's disappearance, tongues many did talk,  
For many did fear him and love him;  
And few through the forest's lone gloom did e'er walk  
Whose thoughts were at night-fall not of him:  
And when came the time for that giant tree 's fall,  
It confess 'd what it hid in its hollow:—  
The man that for ever seem'd exiled from all,  
To a land where none ventured to follow.

---

### The Glendowr's Gathering.

OLD England that lost—she can never say how—  
Her Richard, to Henry his Jailer doth bow;  
And since little Wales 'gainst her meanness doth vow,  
Our sorrow she sweareth she'll turn to our shame;  
But as our brave sires for their liberty stood,  
Since still there be heirs to their virtues and blood;  
Than stoop to false England's false Henry the Fourth,  
Since the Glendowr she 'd crush is approved of such worth  
As if placed on a throne in the hour of his birth.

O merry, merrily,  
Our crowned prince to be,  
The Glendowr we name.

Ye youths of our land, who in England's schools read  
Of heroes the mightiest, and pant for their meed;  
O! need ye be told to whose aid ye should speed

At the summons that calls you for Glendowr to fight?  
Than longer o'er Homer or Virgil's page pore,  
Away, boys, away, to the Isle's western shore,  
And there with the Glendowr ye 'll earn in a week  
Renown no less fair than e'er Roman or Greek  
Won with men who like Glendowr could fight, and could speak

The very, very words  
That double-edge the swords—  
That battle for Right.

With Stowe, Howel Gethin, and brave Llygath Breeth,  
Swift, swift o'er the mountains empurpled with heath,  
Until you 're the Glendowr's red banner beneath,  
O, never keep backward from languor or dread,  
Sword, helmet, or buckler, heed not to prepare,  
Nor mind that the night winds find out that you 're bare;  
For soon the false Henry shall find in pursuit  
When he deems both his eye and his ear most acute,  
The bare feet he laugh'd at, with tread the most mute,  
Upon his very heel,  
Shall dance the warrior reel,  
His heart doth most dread.

---

### The Churning Day.

WHEN daisies bright are staring  
About the cotter's home,  
And imps on buds and sorrel faring  
Feel proud as Popes of Rome;

Through paths half hid with grasses  
And all the sweets of May,  
Trip farm-ward village lads and lasses  
All on the Churning Day.

When taps of flails are ceasing  
On every thrashing floor,  
Of pans and pails the clank so pleasing  
Increases more and more;  
And while the willing thrashers  
About the farmyard stray,  
What help they give those fair cream splashers  
All on the Churning Day.

When Dick gives help to Nanny,  
And Tom gives help to Nell;  
Will not the lounging Ben and Fanny  
Come too when comes their spell?  
And once the agitation  
In earnest is begun;  
Like great O'Connel's of his nation,  
It profits yields and fun.

O see you where the splashing  
Says nothing can unite,  
I tell you from that very smashing  
Come solid crumbs to sight;  
And sure each tempting nugget  
That doth to the churnstaff grow,  
Says, all shall see when up they lug it  
What a mass is formed below.

If this is not gold washing  
That shows what's so like gold,

Then farm-maids fair, when done your smashing,  
Let what is churned be sold;  
Then will the youths of Gwalia  
Have this at least to say,  
O nought makes Wales so like Australia,  
As doth her Churning Day.

---

### Sir Griffith Lloyd.

SIR Griffith was a man of might,  
Who hoped the time had come t' unite  
Old Wales to England's pow'r:  
And first had he with tidings flown,  
An heir was born to England's crown  
In fair Caernarvon's tow'r.  
But though with speed of dove  
For Wales he 'd seek King Edward's love;  
His soul all self-love was above  
As o'er earth's fogs the sky;  
Which to this motto its birth did give,—  
"O better than a dog's life live,  
'Tis as a man to die."

Soon on good Sir Griffith Lloyd,  
Who for the royal birth so joy'd  
Each day did favours heap;  
But as he 'mid favours mov'd  
Beheld he countrymen he lov'd,  
But hate and ruin reap;  
And in anguish this to see  
He cries, "Shall honours rain on me,  
And Wales be crush'd by his decree,

Who setteth me thus high?  
Cry if Wales the past forgive  
"O better than a dog's life live,  
'Tis as a man to die."

Say, shall we to eat his meat  
Thus hound-like lick King Edward's feet,  
And for his kind-looks fawn?  
Shall we like his leash'd ones go  
To dart on each he deems a foe,  
Or watch rebellion's spawn?  
Say, shall we who know the worth  
Of freedom bask on tyrant's hearth,  
And never name who gave us birth,  
While Norman ears are nigh?  
Shall we not for what they give  
Cry, "Better than a dog's life live,  
'Tis as a man to die?"

Once reveal'd Sir Griffith's mind  
A thousand woes ten thousand bind,  
In league his will to serve:  
And with him, as chosen chief  
Their woes or lives to make more brief,  
For fight their minds they nerve:  
Though the King whose might they dare  
Was rarely known a foe to spare;  
One thing only did they care  
As show'd their banners high;  
To Wales in deeds the motto give,  
"O better than a dog's life live,  
'Tis as a man to die."

## Owen Tudor and Queen Catherine.

To all we do, that there is a time,  
No truer is in prose than rhyme;  
And if what's done be not a crime,  
    There is time for praising after;  
And if there ever was time to dance,  
Old Wales behold's it in the chance,  
When the Queen of England and of France  
    Did turn her moan to laughter.

O call it levee or Royal spree,  
Or night of regal revelry;  
When fair Queen Kate did Tudor see,  
    Old Wales again grew royal;  
For as high heav'n would have it hap  
Who on her breast would take his nap  
Upon the beauteous Catherine's lap,  
    A stumbling made most loyal.

Whate'er men thought—whate'er men said,  
Whate'er did pass through heart or head;  
Though cheeks turn'd pale, and cheeks turn'd red,  
    No vent had shame or anger;  
Though all from one so much above  
The man that dared so to fall would shove;  
Than all their passions, mighty love,  
    That happy night proved stronger.

My country, then though no one knew  
How heav'n thy sons from thralldrom drew,  
If the question now were ask'd, how few  
    Have tongues untaught to answer't?



When on lap royal Tudor fell  
 A voice from heav'n cried out "ALL'S WELL,  
 Henceforth shall Wales by England dwell  
 As Tudor by his Consort."

Ye, Cambrian youths, where'er ye pass  
 Your wooing hours, on roads or grass;  
 Let every lover to his lass  
     Find time to tell this story:  
 For though it hatred caused thro' life  
 To Tudor brave, and bloody strife,  
 As the Queen who would be his thro' life  
     Who brought our land such glory?

## The Operatives' Pic Nic Song.

"THE HEARTS THAT HAVE LOVE FOR ALL."

No fields have we, nor flocks, nor herds,  
 That graze on the mountains high;  
 Nor kennel'd dogs, nor prison'd birds,  
     For Liberty that cry.  
 But where the lambkins bleat,  
 Or wriggling suck the teat,  
 Or kine move homeward feet  
     At Dick the cow-boy's call.  
 With purer joy than he  
 Who daily ties and sets them free,  
 We count them as the property  
     Of the hearts that have love for all.

No servants have we to command,  
Nor steeds to whip or spur;  
Nor measure we by chains the land  
Be 't hid with grass or burr;  
Yet no man tills his field,  
Or counts its yearly yield,  
Or sighs for contracts seal'd,  
Whose rise may not be his fall:  
But we who love-feasts keep  
On spots untrod, 'neath shelter steep,  
Find when we work, or play, or sleep,  
We 've the hearts that have love for 'all.

Who wishes to see all men blest,  
Most blest within himself,  
With joy can espy both East and West,  
What never to him brings pelf:  
The herb, the flower, and tree—  
No matter whose they be,—  
He doth as GOD's work see,  
And doth his love gifts call:  
What tho' his neighbour's pride  
From his by walls sweet spots divide;  
He ne'er its cause of joy can hide  
From the heart that hath love for all.

The birds that cheer'd us while we ate,  
When their vesper hour doth come,  
Will each not show, ere 'tis too late,  
He was gladden'd by our crumb?  
If we can mindful be  
Of cake, and meat, and tea,  
And song, duet, and glee,  
That cheer our rural ball;

The birds we made so glad—  
Will they not too, for what they had,  
Show they would like each lass and lad,  
Sing of hearts that have love for all?

---

### Red-breast Robin.

At the dawning of morn  
So dripping and shorn,  
When storm-winds deeply are sobbing;  
As if darkness and gloom  
Did promise but bloom  
How mellowly sings Red-breast Robin.

As the leaves of the wood  
Go down with the flood,  
And the lark forsakes its drown'd cabin;  
Upon a bare pole  
Whose sight chills man's soul  
Of nought but his bliss sings sweet Robin.

O soon will each craft  
That in summer's days laugh'd,  
Forbode the day there's no job in;  
And out of employ  
Will marvel what joy,  
Can waken the song of sweet Robin.

And many a poor maid  
That for no work gets paid,

Will then hawk about pins and bobbin:  
And 'neath sleet and rain  
Will wish, but in vain,  
She'd the voice, or the wings of poor Robin.

And many a Bard  
That thro' life hath liv'd hard,  
As if old Diogenes' tub in;  
By rain, sleet, and frost,  
E'en proud to be crost,  
Will still hope and sing like sweet Robin.

---

### The Aged Harper.

MY Joan, when first this hand of mine  
Could sweep the tuneful string;  
My chiefest bliss was then on thine  
To fit the Bridal Ring;  
And though I lov'd my Harp so well—  
More e'en than music's art;  
I deem'd the knowledge of that spell  
Which could secure thy heart.

Some forty years have roll'd away  
Since first this Harp was strung;  
And when its gilt-comb look'd most gay  
Thou wert both fair and young;  
But Joan as years that soil'd the wood  
Have ne'er made worse its tone,  
The same declare they never could  
My love for thee, my Joan.

As thou dost own my hand, e'en now,  
Gives motion to thy heels,  
So doth thy queenly gait, I vow,  
Inspire my harp-strings' peals;  
And whilst there comes a glance of thine  
T' applaud my rural lay;  
Methinks my heart and hand refine  
Whate'er thou bid'st me play.

Joan since the day that made us one,  
E'en these two hands their parts  
Have kept in chord or unison,  
Not better than our hearts;  
And if a heav'n doth them await,  
Who longest live to love,  
This harp we may exchange, dear mate,  
For one that's play'd above.







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